U.S.S. KALININ BAY
SHIP'S LIBRARY

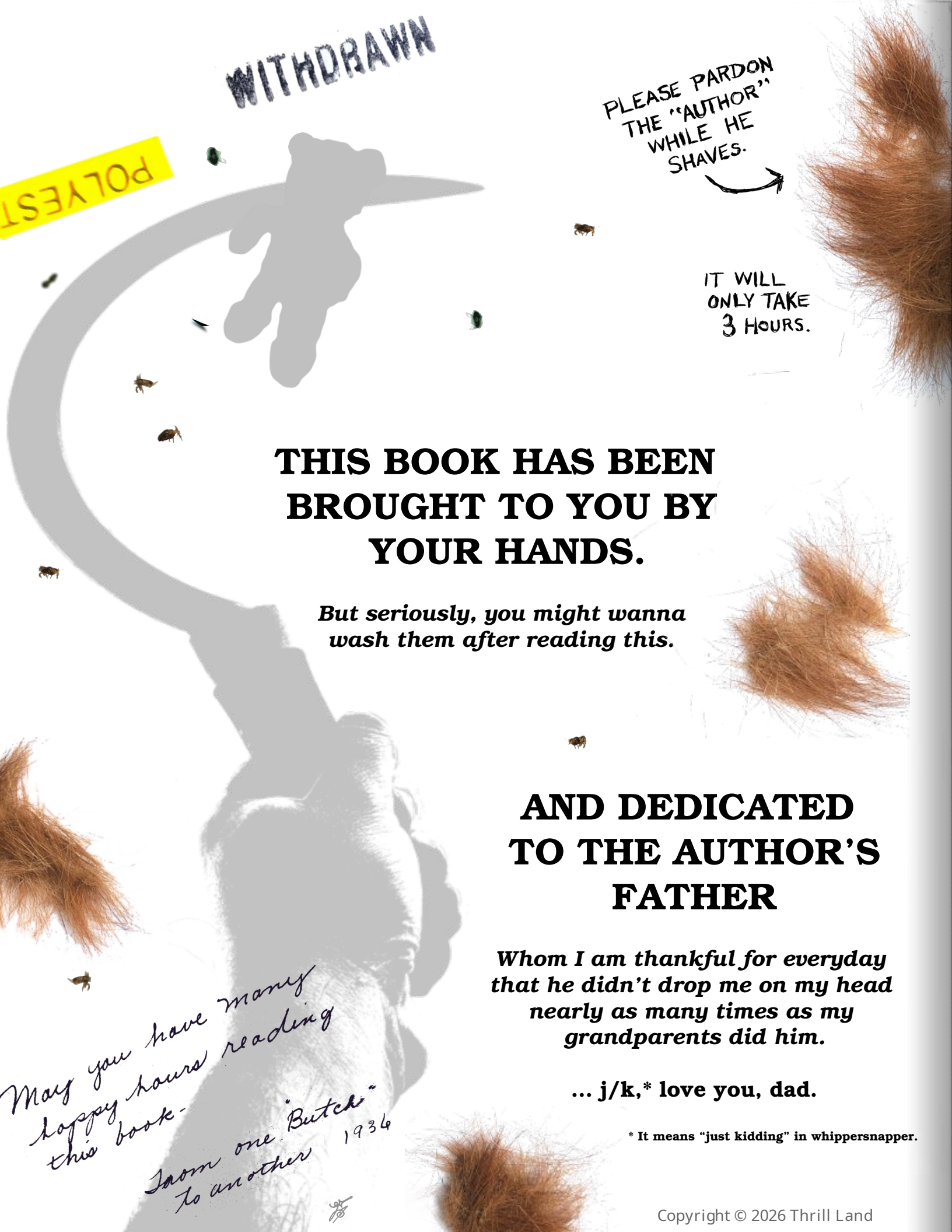
THIS IS NOT A BOMB THREAT!

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
LENWOOD S. SHARPE

Ce n'est pas non plus un livre.

ASHLAND
DATE DUE
03 24

METROPOLITAN MIAMI-DADE COUNTY
UNIFORM PARKING COMPLAINT AND CITATION
CITATION
State of Florida in the County Court in and for MIAMI-DADE COUNTY, FLORIDA
The officer listed below certifies that the vehicle described was unlawfully parked/stopped/ standing at the listed location in violation of the Metropolitan Miami-Dade County Code.
CITATION NUMBER: 52275878
DATE
10/16/2020
TIME
07:57 AM
OFFICER ID
101-92801
OFFICER NAME
PPORLOLTO
THE VEHICLE LISTED BELOW WAS UNLAWFULLY PARKED/STOPPED/STANDING AT LOCATION
1700 SW 9TH ST


WITHDRAWN
POLYEST
PLEASE PARDON THE "AUTHOR" WHILE HE SHAVES.
IT WILL ONLY TAKE 3 HOURS.
May you have many happy hours reading this book-
From one "Butch" to another 1936

THIS BOOK HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU BY YOUR HANDS.

But seriously, you might wanna wash them after reading this.

AND DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR'S FATHER

Whom I am thankful for everyday that he didn't drop me on my head nearly as many times as my grandparents did him.

... j/k,* love you, dad.

*** It means "just kidding" in whippersnapper.**

Copyright © 2026 Thrill Land

ONE LAST, FINAL, UNEQUIVOCAL,

CONTEMPTUOUS

WARNING TO THE READER.*

" Before there was an unsuspecting reader to read this book.

There was an unsuspecting writer who willed to write it.

Before an unsuspecting publisher could publish this book

An unsuspecting agent had to bite it.

But before unsuspecting bookstores store this book.

My apologies to unsuspecting toters who must tote it.

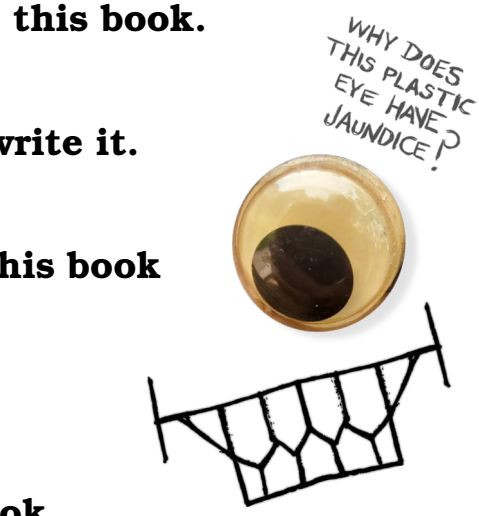
For never was there so *sus* such bookish nonplus.

Methinks you might pipe and try and smoke it. "

— A

"Concerned"

Simpleton



* Look, I said, "This is Not a Bomb Threat." I never said anything about it not being a death threat.

CHAPTER 11: MUERTE D'UNE INTRODUZIONE.

"Waiter there's a fly in my rice pudding.

Not if you count the maggots."

— An Old Proverb

The author's twenty-seventh attempt at a selfie.

So, if you haven't figured it out yet, this isn't *Dialogues in Relativistic Quantum Mechanics*. Come again, if you haven't then you're probably in the right place.

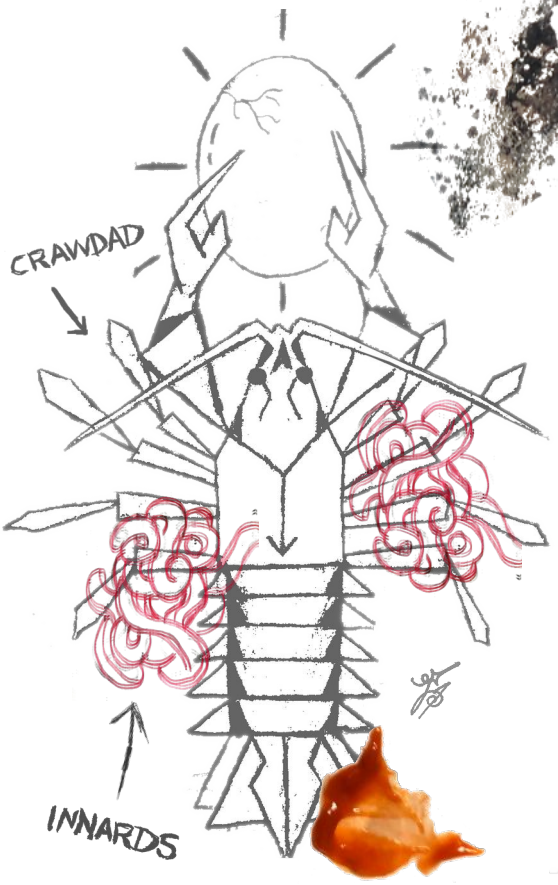
Now, we haven't been formulaly induced, and the Devil hasn't decided your punishment for picking this up (... *yet*), but my publisher can [REDACTED] and you'll be delighted to know, good reader, — *RUM! RUM! RMMM! ROOOMM!!!! RRMM... RMMMM... RUM! RUM! ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!*

Sorry about that folks, I'm using text-to-speech, and my neighbors just cranked up their weed wacker again. Ignore it.

***BIP! BOP! BANG! ZIP! ZONK! BOW CHICKA WOW WOW...* Crap! They're at it again. Did I mention they like to *multitask*?**

Anyhoot, good reader, of the failed titles I contrived for this Machiavellian manifestation of muckety-muck, among them were: "If Marshmallows Could Talk," "I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell (And I Don't Even Drink)," "My Life is Always on Airplane Mode," "Fat Baby Angels," "101 Ways to Stuff a Cat (And I like Cats)," "When the World Smells Like Popcorn," "The Book of Screwteronomy," "My Brunch with Bigfoot," "Ignore it! Ignore it! Ignore it! Ignore it! Ignore it!" (I think there were five), "Cold Pizza to Calm the Nerves," "This Last Attempt Really Isn't All That Funny," "If You Don't Know Where I'm Going With This That Makes Two of Us," and who could forget "If They Don't Publish this $#!+ the Internet Will!" The last, of course, being a contextual commentary on the existential crisis during the final days of Aristophanes of Athens as it relates to frog sandwiches, which had yet to be invented, and, so you see the existential crisis. Are you still reading? Oh, [REDACTED] **crawdad innards, I really thought that would work. Okay, I guess I'll have to actually write this thing.**

But before we get into the worms and potatoes of it, that is to say the brain pudding if you will (*and you won't*), you should probably know, good reader, in addition to having been a general laborer, graphic designer, bookseller, airport valet cashier, sales associate, college graduate (*sumo come latte*), folklorist, comics content writer, humorist, office assistant, CEO, soldier, screenwriter, game designer, in & out processing specialist, disbursing tech, coder, customer service



representative, peer responder, digital media producer, supply chief, Wiki contributor, cartoonist, web builder, peer responder, notetaker, humorist, warehouse associate, three totally different types of directors, book collector, English tutor, club president, wall painter, payroll clerk, unit representative, video editor, illustrator, stay-at-home dad, work-at-home day, stay-at-home dad while a work-at-home dad ~~(feel I got the raw deal on that one)~~, photo editor, student, eulogist, firing range safety specialist, janitor, water spider (really), scholar, social media manager, mural designer, storyteller, foley artist, vexillographer, semi-world traveler, amateur astronomer (pending buying a telescope), animator, Nicaraguan Santa Claus, usher, leaf-raker, veteran, inventor of the hand comb, horror host, unemployed, author ~~(it's subjective)~~, job seeker (wink wink), humorist and a number of entirely unrelated roles from highly divergent disciplines minus the odd ones (i.e. dog sitter), I also worked taking complaints for six years. How'd I like it? — No complaints.

Even still, I managed to hear hundreds of stories from folks across all walks of life from the menial up to the corporate

level. Each one so incredibly hilarious that your sides would "splurt" from laughter.

Of course, due to confidentiality, I can't tell you any of them. But boy! I tell ya, wouldn't that really have been something?!

But, in all seriousness, throughout my ~~utter lack of a~~ career path and bouncing up and down the company ladder like a roly-poly finding its way into way too many pinball machines, I've worn a greater number of hats than years I've been alive, and as one in their thirties, you are probably wondering why I haven't been committed yet.

~~Though you were probably wondering that just by opening up this book.~~ — Well, good reader, no matter the mountain of dread avalanched upon me nor where I thought each industry could shove it, there was always one consistency through it all. That is to say my superhuman ability to maintain a shred of sanity no matter the chaos.

And it is to that ~~my last remaining shred of sanity~~ this book is humbly dedicated. It is a volume composed of every bad idea

I've ever had and of every good laugh that somehow managed to make up for an otherwise lousy day. Moreover, it is a bank-account-half-full look at the working man's blues and his ability to see humor in every situation.

Oh, and also a bunch of stuff that has nothing to do with any of that, yea, that too, *to be fair* it is most of the book after all, but you can just skip it if you would like.

CHAPTER 11: A BUNCH OF STUFF THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH ANY OF THAT.

Did you ever hear the one about the guy who got a gondola stuck up his butt?

No? Well, it gave a whole nother meaning to the term "bodily *canal*."

*** * ***

To combat running on factory premises we have marked the floor with hazard tape.

Double-sided, of course.

* * *

TEACHER: Alright class, we are going to repeat that last sentence.

LITTLE JOHNNY: Nuh uh, no way, ma'am,

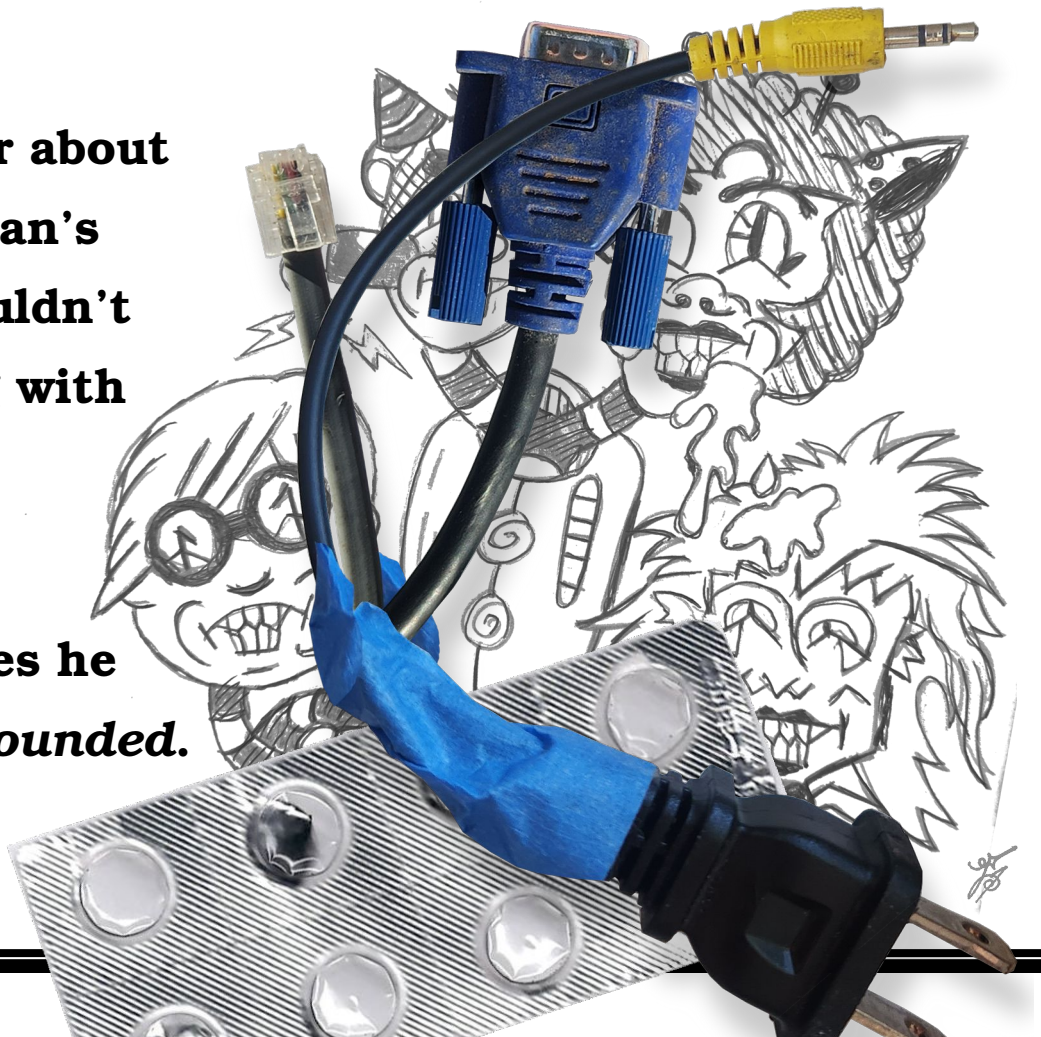
TEACHER: Excuse me, why not?

LITTLE JOHNNY: 'Cause my daddy says you don't gotta after it's already been served out.

* * *

Did you hear about the electrician's son who wouldn't stop playing with his dad's equipment?

Oh, he wishes he had been *grounded*.

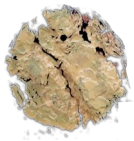


* * *

Bad accident at the furniture factory last week, folks. Couch split in two while the worker was ambulated at the shoulder!

But, as a consolation, he did make a lovely *arm chair*.

* * *



We have been made aware of the growing concern for animals due to our line of cosmetics.

To reassure the public, we have tested it on a number of people, and despite that rather nasty experimental phase, it has since been deemed safe for use by rabbits.

* * *

What did my right index finger say to my dog's colon?

Just *passing through*.

* * *

Why did the dentist refuse to fix the patient's cavity?

It was in his chest.

* * *

Get this, a trope of yellow banjo-serenading snallygasters, fifteen purple yodeling quangle-wangles, and half a dozen or more dancing jabberwockies burst into my room last night!

I know what you're thinking. D*isquieting*, right?

* * *

My cousin got mad at my brother so he swiped his sample during the urinalysis. My brother tried to make another, but man oh man, that really took the *piss outta him*.

* * *

What happens when you cross a reader with a total waste of time?

A crump creep que cod Sid codon it see creel co kif kola dip let dorp hiya Joe pick nick papa wawa too how boy hi ho hickey and dorp eep orp pickle wickle tickle dickle smith smoot when smitten gritten gogo and or gleep *blarg* bottom barley barclave doo doo dot nit not and when you get a minute, let me know how it went.

* * *

Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

Good— *keep looking.*

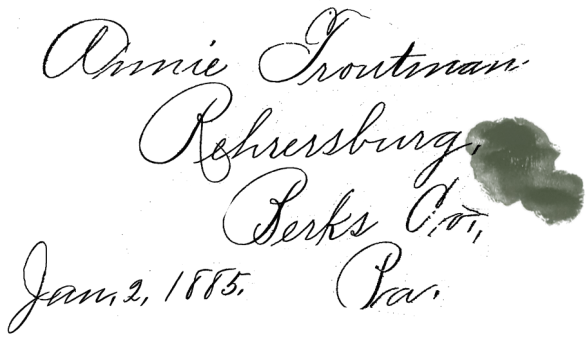
* * *

I can't believe its been a decade since my brother was impaled in that terrible explosion down at the clock factory.

Oh, how time flies.

* * *

What do you get when you cross a totally useless joke with a vague understanding of early Central Asian history?



Attila the Pun.

* * *

TEACHER: Okay class, can anyone tell me what's five if you add on three?

LITTLE JOHNNY: Aggravated assault while serving a manslaughter charge?

* * *

If you're not a potato don't read this.

You failed. 21/45 46%

* * *

* * *

Why did the browser break up with the website?

Their *connection timed out.*

* * *

We got a call for an *all-hands* meeting at the chainsaw factory this evening.

And, yea, *sure*, some of the workers were bound to misunderstand the request.

... But just relax, 'cause we're still determined to find the rest of them from their wrists up.

I was glade to call you my battle buddy while we were here. I will never forget to stop by Bumpass to vist you and your family one time. Keep in touch man.

Little Audrey was in P.E. Class when the teacher told her, "Okay, I'll throw the ball and just you catch it, okay? Do you understand how this game is played?" Little Audrey nodded. The teacher continued, "Oh, so you have played it before?" Little Audrey nodded and immediately exited the gym. The teacher stared blankly and was baffled as to why. A minute later, Little Audrey returned with a stick and tossed it at the teacher's face. The teacher shouted and shouted, but Little Audrey just laughed and laughed, because she knew how the game was played.

And, most importantly of all, she knew she weren't nobody's mutt.

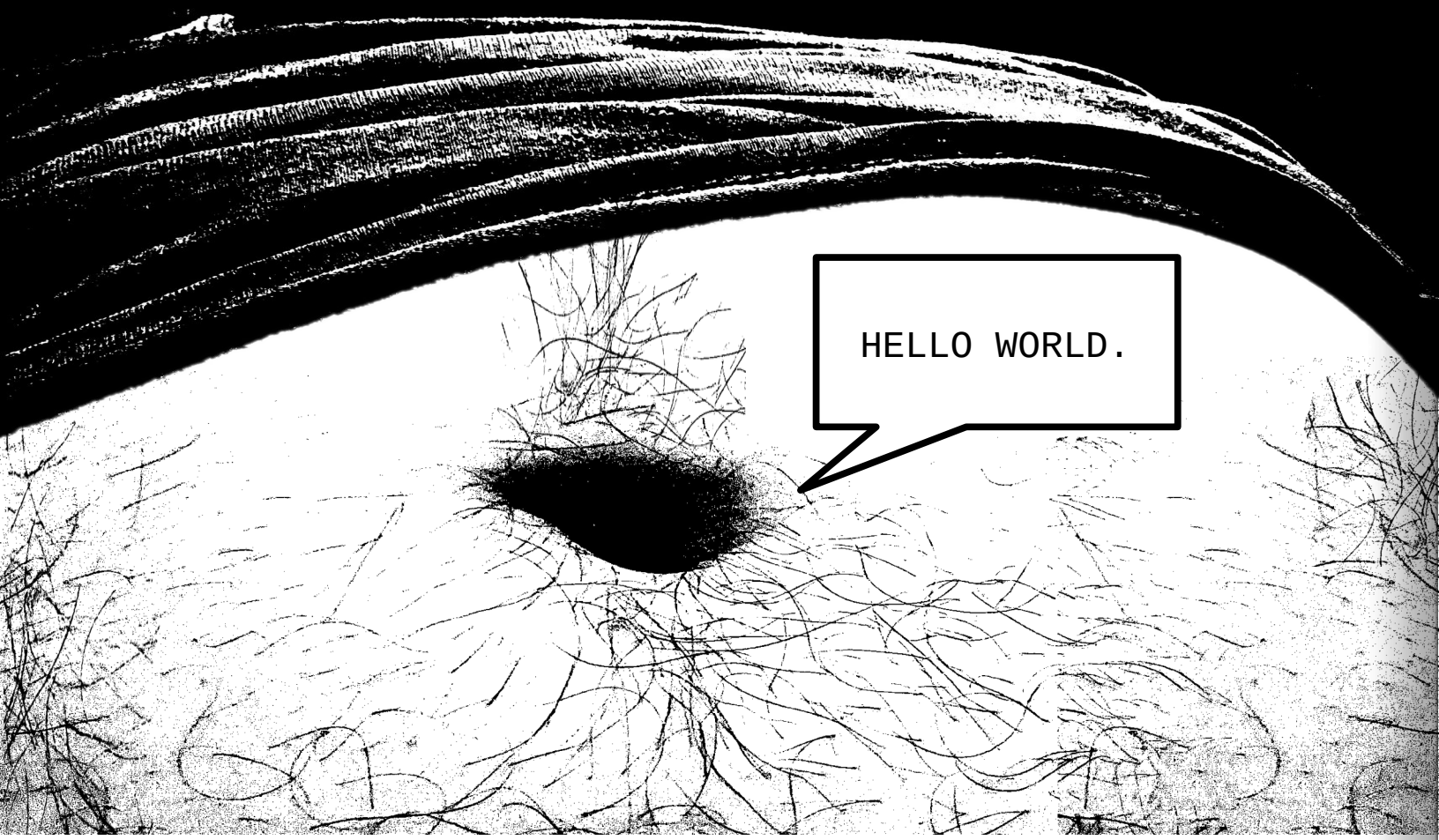
*** * ***

What do you call a one-word joke that will unquestionably upset a publisher?

[REDACTED]

The Navel of Contents

INTRODUCTION 1
THE NATURE OF THE MADNESS 12
HOW TO BBQ IGUANAS 1
THE CIRCLE OF $#!+ 4
THE COURT OF CAMELTOE 7
THESE CHAPTERS ARE MADE UP 17
AS ARE THE NUMBERS 1
I BET NOBODY READS THIS ANYHOW 53
THIS JOKE NEEDS RETHINKING 74
WOULD YOU BELIEVE 101
THE ACTUAL CHAPTERS ARE 212
SO MUCH WEIRDER?! 456



CHAPTER 5: IS IT TOO LATE TO QUIT NOW?

Asking for a friend.

CHAPTER 404: ANOTHER CHAPTER YOU CAN JUST IGNORE.

The first paying job I ever had was working for my cousin, ol' Gator Lips Martin, busting up a sixty-foot trailer with a sledge for twenty dollars per day (*yes, per day*). And after the once-thingamig was thus obliterated into a whole lot of nothing, well, that job went up in smoke.

And so did the trailer. One helluva bonfire, so I'm told. Cryin' shame I missed it.

The point is that we don't always get to see the fruits of our labors, but life moves on and so does the work. For instance, there was this one warehouse job I worked at, and I was helping a buddy of mine (name was Frog Beard I think, pretty sure) get home when he asks if we could stop to grab a bite on the way back. Now, I pull up at some little joint I sorta know and while the lights are on nobody seems to be home. Well, we come to the drive-thru speaker and nary a squeef can be heard from the other end, y'see?

So good ol' Frog Beard does all he can to get their attention. After the third, "Hey, 'inee-buddy' home?," Well, that's when I, in my infinite wisdom, suggest, "Yell, scream, just pretend you have *Tourettes*." And Frog Beard turns back to me, with a look like I just bludgeoned a child with their own ice cream cone while their mama watches, says, "I do have Tourettes."

A composite sketch carefully and painstakingly drawn from the author's own memory.

Next, cue the crickets and fifteen more magical seconds of awkward silence.

And you're probably thinking I could not have possibly made that moment any more awkward, and that, good reader, is when I say: "Well, I didn't mean to—"

Frog Beard cuts me off, says, "Yes, ya did."

Then I reply, "But what I was tryin' to say was—."

Frog Beard fires back, "No, you weren't."

Well, I pause for a second or two and at last relent, "Okay, I was a total prick, I'm sorry." We're both totally good after that point, and we spend the next ten minutes of the ride discussing the particularities of Tourette Syndrome.

So, good reader, you are probably wondering why I chose to kick this book off (at least the more legitimate parts of it) with an illustration of me being particularly insensitive. Well, ~~apart from me having no other ideas on how to do so,~~ it was to demonstrate that I am not always the kind, considerate and compassionate author I may come off to be.

My other point? Oh, you mean that thing about me illustrating not seeing the fruits of one's labors? Well, I mean, I think it's pretty obvious. See, you had to take the trouble to read that, didn't you? And you really didn't get anything out of it, didn't you? Well, y'see, that's what makes it such a great illustration!

Now, for another example.

Well, I'm at work this time, same warehouse job back off in the boonies, and there's this guy there complaining about the rain and the rats. Think his name was Fish Ears as I recall (no reason to question it, my recollection is great, now what were talking about again?). Anyway, pretty standard stuff, until Fish

Ears says to the effect, "Man, this work is so stressful. A person could just kill themselves over it." Now, I'm thinkin' to myself, "Oh, y'know, he doesn't really mean it." And then I ask him, that is Fish Ears, if he is every bit as serious as I always am to which he replies, "Yes, I'll really f'ing do it!" And in light of this, my brain turns a cog, and my little mind goes— "Yea, he's probably kidding."

Well, the shift goes by without incident. At the end of the day, I have to see HR about any of various random clerical kerfuffles. Now, who do I spy at the head of the line but ol' Fish Ears, himself. I overhear him a bit and at length he goes, "Well, I'm going to cry myself to sleep." And in light of that, my brain postulates— "Yea, he is probably still kidding."

But, just to be on the sure side of things, I do pull HR aside and say, "Look, I know he's prone to saying some pretty out-there sh... stuff, but I think, old boy there might just be tryin' to off himself." And then I fill out an incident report, and they follow through with protocol.

I'm off for the next couple days and then come back to some news. I waltz in through the turnstiles, step into the warehouse and what do you think I see? Of course, and you'd be right.

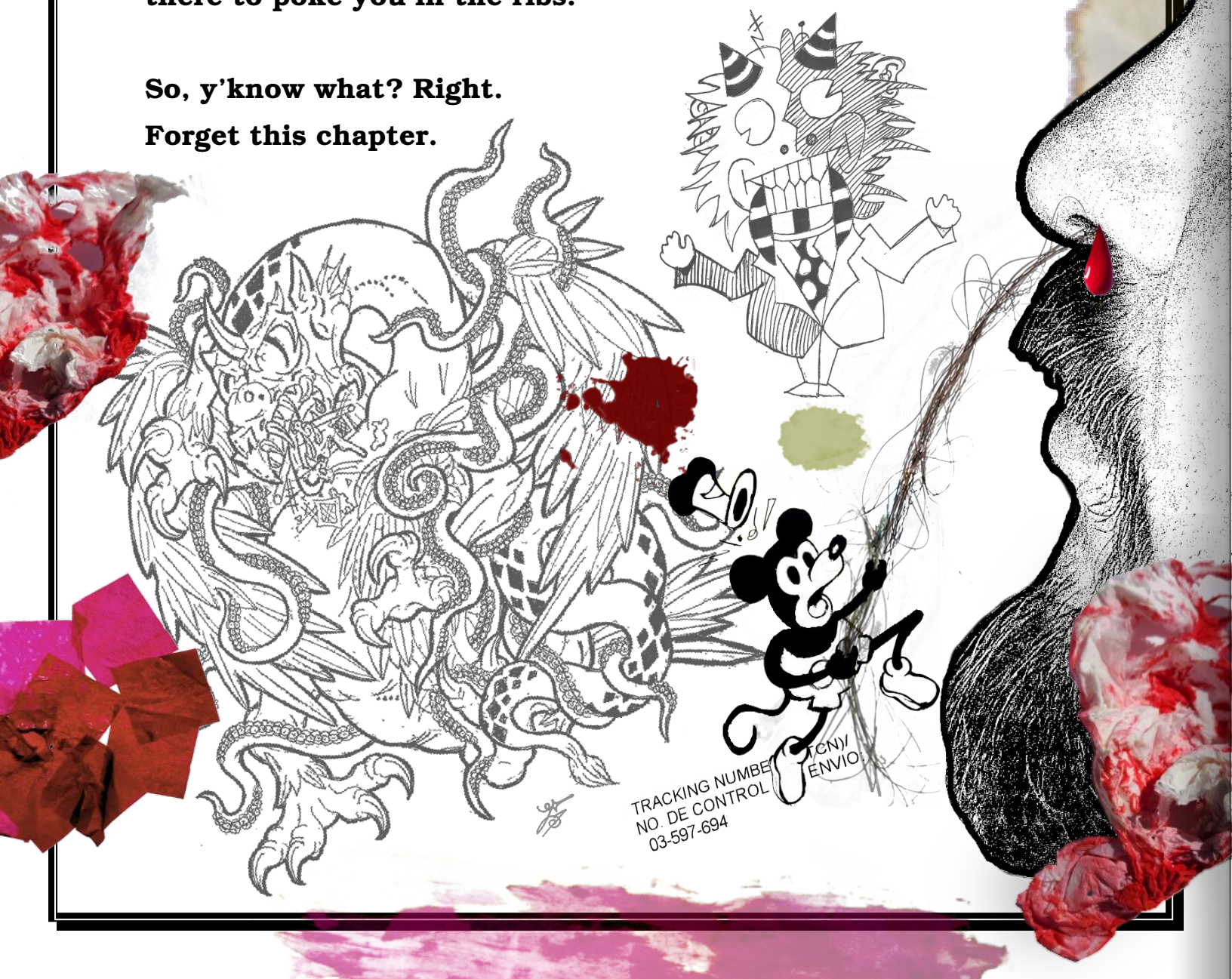
CREDIT ACCOUNT
LYON, ROACH & DORAN TITLE
SETTLEMENTS INC.
ESCROW ACCOUNT

FISH EARS standing there, looking blankly at me saying, "DUDE! I was kidding!" Now, I pause a bit to work through the increasing mental fire, until I muster out, "Like seriously!? WHAT THE HELL, MAN?!"

And then we both have a good laugh.

See, the moral of this story, good reader, is that you cannot extrapolate a moral from everything, and sometimes life is just there to poke you in the ribs.

So, y'know what? Right.
Forget this chapter.



CHAPTER (OH, JUST PICK A NO., ALREADY): 101 WAYS TO STUFF A CAT (AND I LIKE CATS).

Well, if the old saying rings true and there is indeed more than one way to skin a cat, you can bet your bilious buttons there are infinitely more ways to stuff one. So, might as well jump right into it. Yup, off with it then.

1.) WITH MOTHBALLS: Make sure mothballs are inserted through the mouth and entrails are removed in the opposing manner if you don't plan on making any incisions. Perfect for hanging in the back of grandma's closet to keep insects or snakes away (not possums).

2.) WITH HOTDOGS: Preferable method if serving remains to any number of starve-crazed carnivores (i.e. coyotes, snakes, a feral aunt at 2:30 a.m., etc.).

3.) WITH JELLY BEANS: This particular method is not only festive but if set out in the hot sun the nostrils and eye sockets become syrup fountains (great for snow cones).

4.) WITH SPARK PLUGS: Brings a whole new meaning if your former feline friend chanced to be named "Sparky."

5.) WITH MARBLES: Makes for a great sinking lure.

6.) WITH CAT FOOD: Not the most practical but certainly one of the more ironic.

7.) WITH PACKING PEANUTS: Doubles as cushioning for parcels or a particularly nasty surprise for USPS workers whenever they repeatedly fail to deliver your mail to the right house.

8.) WITH ACTUAL PEANUTS: Just fell 'em in spring and watch them spring up in the fall (even George Washington Carver hadn't seen this one comin')!

9.) WITH DRYER LINT: Not only does this make Fluffy particularly fluffy, but Fluffy may also be implemented as an excellent source of kindling for camping out with the kids.

10.) WITH NEWSPAPER: May I suggest the funny pages or the missing pet section.

11.) WITH SHEA BUTTER: An excellent opportunity (albeit gross one) for men to finally find out what shea butter is.

12.) WITH LOVE: So, yea, basically a flat cat.

13.) WITH HELIUM: For terrific fun at fairs, picnics and family outings, just be sure to seal all exits— yes, all of them.

14.) WITH CYANIDE: Not very effective on the cat at this point, but particularly useful if you leave Mittens to stand guard against rats and racoons.

15.) WITH THE DOG: Eat your heart out turducken!

16.) WITH RESUMES: Didn't hear back from those last eight applications? Well, just leave Mr. Boots and a note on the doorsteps at the corporate office. I assure you that they will get back to you at your earliest inconvenience.

17.) WITH CEMENT: Doubles as a gargoyle once all the hair falls off.

18.) WITH HOMINY: A delicacy at Jill's Roadkill Cafe.

19.) WITH MARSHMALLOWS: *Oh, don't you dare get me started on marshmallows!*

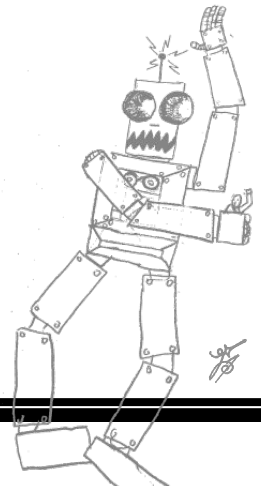
20.) WITH A NOTE SAYING "IF YOU'RE READING THIS, YOU'RE LOOKING INSIDE A CAT": Pretty self explanatory, really.

21.) WITH THE SUM OF ALL HUMAN INTELLIGENCE: You'll probably have some space left over, try adding polyurethane.

22.) WITH POPCORN KERNELS: Keep away from an open flame or heat source, or don't if you want to surprise the kids.

23.) WITH CHRISTMAS LIGHTS: The applications here are endless.

24.) WITH PING-PONG BALLS: A great physics lesson on the subject of buoyancy at any kiddie pool.



25.) WITH A DIARY: "Dear diary, this will be my last entry. Today I stuffed a cat..."

26.) WITH THE UNHOLY HELL FIRE FROM WHENCE THIS BOOK CAME: Don't act so surprised.

27.) WITH HEMP: (A.) I would not recommend smoking this. (B.) Neither ends make ideal pipe stems.

28.) WITH GAUZE: Effective, I grant you that, but I am minusing fifteen points for the lack of creativity.

29.) WITH YOUR DREAMS: I mean, you weren't gonna do anything better with 'em anyhow.

30.) WITH PAPER TOWELS: Arguably five times more absorbent than the leading living brand of feline.

31.) WITH BAKING SODA: Add vinegar, and win a prize at the science fair or freak everyone out at the pet show. You decide!

32.) WITH SOAP: Get a matching cat and with a little water you can hold races at the local bowling alley.

33.) WITH DRINKING WATER: I hate to imagine where you would tap a spigot.

34.) WITH INSPIRATION FOR OTHER IDEAS FOR STUFFING A CAT: Honestly, I could really use some. ... Oh, sure, I could

have titled this, "34 Ways to Stuff a Cat (And I Like Cats)," but thirty-four ways to stuff a cat just isn't funny.

35.) WITH THIS BOOK: Undoubtedly, the only practical application for it.

36.) WITH CONTRABAND: Don't get me wrong. It's not that I don't believe nobody's going to think to look there, but, in absence of a warrant, they probably just won't.

37.) WITH COTTON: Come now, don't be ridiculous.

38.) WITH SEA SHELLS: Put your ear up to it, and you'll either hear the ocean or the muffled, haunting screams of Felix's restless spirit, whichever come first.

39.) WITH SALT-WATER TAFFY: Y'know, just for giggles.

40.) WITH MARDI GRAS BEADS: If you throw it at a crowd expect to get a totally different kind of reaction.

41.) WITH A PAIR OF KICKS: You've heard of Puss in Boots, well, look out! Here comes Boots in Puss!

42.) WITH AQUARIUM ROCKS: Doubles as a shaker at toddler music time.

43.) WITH PINOCCHIO: Insert headfirst through the mouth and then for a real surprise make it lie.

44.) WITH A FLASHLIGHT: Just aim the light at the wall and never sleep again.

45.) WITH AN EGO: No incision needed, this one is best inserted rectally.

46.) WITH PLASTIC PELLETS: Sell as rare plush collectible: "Kaboodles the Catatonic Kitty."

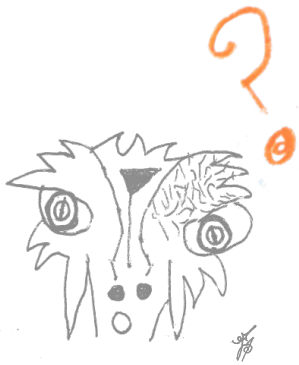
47.) WITH A CERTAIN MIND-BROKE U.S. PRESIDENT: (SEE 45)

48.) WITH FINE JEWELRY: Doubles as a stylish carrying case. "Why, is that leopard print, I spy? No, actually it's tabby."

49.) WITH MARY'S LITTLE LAMB: You can bet your fleece it will no longer be as white as snow.

50.) WITH FIFTY-ONE MORE IDEAS FOR STUFFING A CAT: Mail to P.O. BOX 1313, Bumpass, Virginia 23024.

51.) WITH THE AUTHOR'S SOUL: Oops, too late. I mean, how did you think I got this book published?



52.) WITH YO MAMA: The logistics of this are simply mind-boggling.

53.) WITH LOOSE CHANGE: Given the adhesiveness of a cat's intestinal slime it won't be very loose for very long.

54.) WITH YOUR KEYS: You'll never lose them again but will only wish you had.

55.) WITH SODA POP: Shake well before losing.

56.) WITH TANA LEAVES: If you watch enough classic horror, well, you know where I'm going with this.

57.) WITH THE WORLD'S SUPPLY OF F'S: Oh, so that's where they all went!

58.) WITH A KARAOKE SPEAKER: Great for breaking the ice at parties or y'know heart attacks.

59.) WITH AN ICE PICK: Also great for breaking the ice, a different kind, mind you.

60.) WITH THE FALL OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION: By the way things are lookin', I don't think you'll have to wait very long.

61.) WITH MY LAST FLEETING BIT OF SANITY: Keep reading, buddy, and it won't just be mine.

62.) WITH A CANDY DISPENSER: Learn to dispense with the dispenser.

63.) WITH THE CAT ITSELF: Look, I'm just the idea guy. You figure it out.

64.) WITH ANY BETTER IDEAS: I'm open to suggestions, the cat literally so.

65.) WITH A NO PARKING SIGN: Guess where you can park it?

66.) WITH A TELEVISION ANTENNA: Just add suction cups and put it on the window for better reception.

67.) WITH FEAR AND LOATHING: Naw, I think the cat's already good on this one.

68.) WITH A HOME SECURITY CAMERA: The outside looking in? Let's hope not!

69.) WITH A SEALED BOX: All you need now is poison, a flask and any radioactive source, and you finally know whether Schrödinger's cat works in reverse.

70.) WITH A PLASMA GLOBE: Honestly, I have no idea. I'd be curious just to see how this one plays out.

71.) WITH RADIOACTIVE WASTE: So, are you in the market for weird superpowers or trying to destroy Tokyo?

72.) WITH YOUR OLD SOCKS: On a positive note, you can just blame the smell on the cat.

73.) WITH GRANDMA'S FALSE TEETH: Oh come on, just picture it.

74.) WITH SILICA GEL: To absorb moisture. No, seriously, look it up.

75.) WITH A MUMMIFIED CAT: And so, we've come full circle.

76.) WITH A DVD-VCR PLAYER COMBO: I know what you're thinking: "They still make those?"

77.) WITH THE MEANING OF LIFE: Provided you can find it.

78.) WITH A GRENADE: Hopefully only about as live as the cat.

79.) WITH GRAPES: Step 1: Add water and place it behind the radiator for three weeks. Step 2: Bury in the garden and age

for two years. Step 3: Go start the "Cadaverous Kitty Chardonnay Company." Step 4: File for Chapter 11 bankruptcy.

80.) WITH CHIA SEEDS: Cr-cr-cr-cringey!

81.) WITH TRINITROTOLUENE: Results in a one of a kind wall plaster.

82.) WITH A DRONE: It's a bird! It's a plane! It's OMG hooked on the power lines! Someone get the rake!

83.) WITH TONGUE: Cat got your… come on, now, just give me this one, I'm grasping at straws by this point.

84.) WITH STRAWS: See what I mean?

85.) WITH DRY ICE: Perfect for Halloween. Yea, no trick-or-treaters are coming anywhere near your doorstep.

86.) WITH AN OCTOPUS: I feel there's a pun in that somewhere, but I'm probably not allow to say it.

87.) WITH FROZEN PEAS: A comforting friend to ease away pesky headaches or cool your drinks.

88.) WITH A CHIHUAHUA: Nothing against chihuahuas, this is purely a time-out mechanism. On the bright side, they will never pee on the carpet ever again.

89.) WITH TOMATO SAUCE: Spaghetti and hairballs, anyone?

90.) WITH ALL-PURPOSE SEASONING: Huh, whaddaya know? I guess you really can put it in everything.

91.) WITH A MATTRESS SPRING: Doubles as an accordion.

92.) WITH FIREFLIES: Doubles as a nightlight.

91.) WITH POTPOURRI: To improve upon the smell by making it worse.

94.) WITH SUGAR AND SPICE: And everything unholy.

95.) WITH CAR-SEAT FOAM: Makes an adorable neck pillow. TSA might have a few questions though.

96.) WITH HOT WATER: Doubles as a neti pot, but only if you want to, and you don't.

97.) WITH FOAM RUBBER: Badminton anyone? Or should I say, "Bad Mittens! Bad kitty! Look what you did! … Oh, right."

98.) WITH FIBERGLASS INSULATION: "We're gonna need a lot more Mr. Whiskers if we're ever gonna finish that guest room."

99.) WITH A SPYGLASS: Not that there's anything up there to see, but you're welcome to try.

100.) WITH A WAMPUS CAT: Really? Now, you're gonna be like, "Why, that's absurd!"

101.) WITH A DIRE NEED TO UNREAD ALL OF THIS EVERY LAST BIT: Lots of luck there. You and me both, buddy.

was under my
PUBLIC SCHOOLS, 19
(Month and day).
APR 27 1964
(Signature)
OFFICE OF
ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT
JUNIOR & SENIOR HIGH SCHOOLS

CHAPTER 23: IF MARSHMALLOWS COULD TALK.

Declassified E.O. 13065E Section N3-462/NDDG NO.

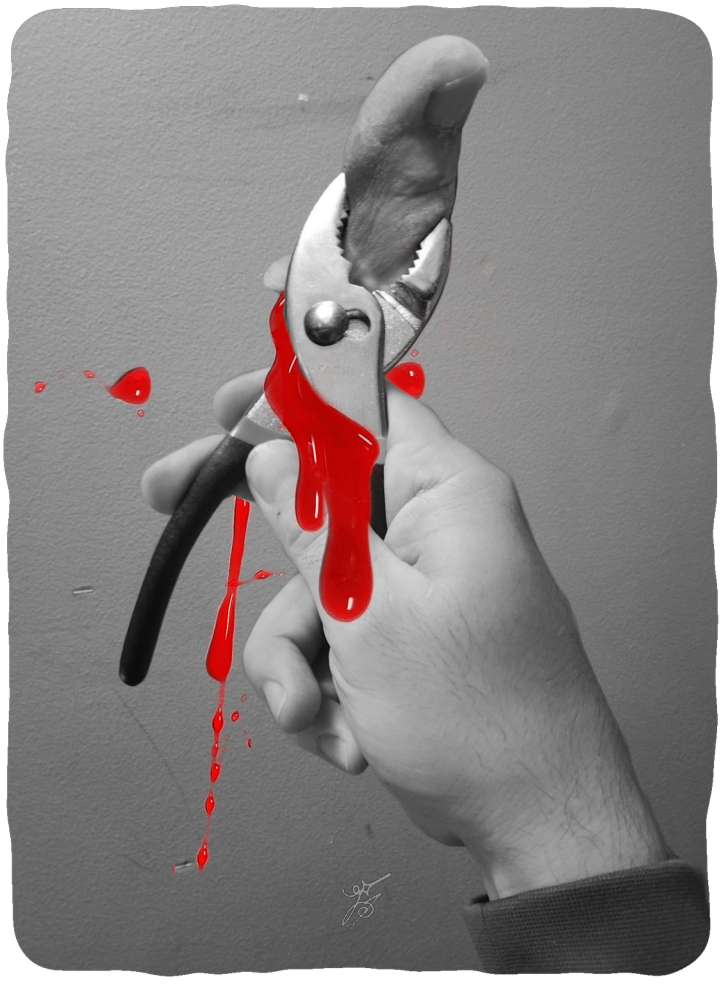
Imagine if marshmallows could talk. Why, I think we'd have a lot to learn. What you ask? Oh, I have absolutely no idea, but we would have a lot of it, whatever it is. Just think of the innumerable horror stories, and that's before you set their puffy little faces on literal fire! Let me paint you a picture:

You're profusely beaten uncompassionately by the cold unthinking machinery of a corporate industrial complex then cooked alive in an oven. Afterwards, they take out your barely living baked corpse, and they shove your naked form into a body bag with fifty others equally suffering. Asphyxiation begins to set in as they drape plastic all around your body and orifices. Next, after slapping on a label, they shove you and your fellows into a dark truck headed for hell knows where. Hours pass and you and your comrades are tossed about until

you're abruptly yanked out and thrown onto a cold shelf where you are to be bought and sold.

Once you reach your final destination, you don't even get to pick your choice of death though it probably feels like you've already died a hundred times before. You're either impaled on a steak while set on fire, microwaved until you grotesquely explode, or humiliatingly shoved between two boards of cinnamon and a bit of chocolate while being slowly roasted as your very skin makes a wheezing sound not entirely unlike the slow dying scream of existence. And as terrible as that sound it is the only mercy you are ever shown in your entire existence. Yea, if marshmallows could talk— our nightmares would have nightmares. ... *Soooo, marshmallows anyone?*

CHAPTER 12-J: I'LL TELL YOU WHERE YOU CAN PARK IT.



Does this look infected?

Being employed as a cashier at the airport's curbside valet service was perhaps one of my more interesting vocations albeit the most brief. In fact, the outstanding service rendered by my former employer had caught the attention of the local news on multiple occasions, just not in any good way.

For this company, in an effort to compensate with its considerably high turnover rate due to incompetence, sought to

remedy this problem by hiring outside the realms of competency. You follow? No, well, neither did we.

And by we, of course, I mean the few competent persons who actually worked there. And by competent, I mean the few that didn't steal or break things. It was a low bar, and, well, so was that thing I kept hitting my head on in the parking deck.

So, one of the issues that plague such a humble establishment was the amount of thievery, destruction and skulduggery that took place. Generally speaking, this was relegated to the spectrum of petty thief, a phone charger here or some loose change there, or minor dents and dings, but sometimes the reverse was true. On one occasion, one of the valets (we'll call him Worm Nuts) decided to "borrow" a customer's car over the weekend, which he succeeded in doing. Now, if only Worm Nuts had remembered to refill the tank before parking it back at the lot then he might've gotten away with that little stunt.

Now, you may be thinking, "Oh, that's an exaggeration. Things couldn't have been that bad?" And you'd be right. No, not that bad, considerably worse.

One day, as I was cashing out customers, a patron placed her tail light on my desk stating, "I found this in my passenger seat." To which I responded in the only logical manner I could by stating, "Ma'am, I've already put in my two weeks' notice."

Now, I never worried too much about being fired for such quips, because if they didn't fire the people who broke things they certainly weren't going to terminate the few who were barely holding the place together.

Speaking of barely holding the place together, one shift after a long weekend, I arrived back at our little oval desk to find the top completely missing. Upon further inquiry, and by further inquiry I mean a general look of "wtf?," my colleague in the chaos, know affectionately as Spider Pie, so graciously pointed out that patrons grew upset the other night and had simply tore the marble apart with their bare hands. And, in a most fortunate turn, I had not been on-shift that night.

Now, I might be lying if I said this was the only instance that a customer destroyed some property. I say I "might be" only because I prefer to think of it more as wishful thinking rather than an all out fabrication. Because once upon time, a buffoon in June, after paying for services rendered, snookered us, more like *snockered* us, into a difficult position. After entering his vehicle, directly in front of the big, very obvious airport windows for all to see, smashed into the driver side of another patron's parked car before speeding away. He was then called several times on the phone to which he did not answer. Only when reaching his destination did he respond by stating that he must have not noticed smashing the hell outta someone's else's ride, which, of course, was something I would later have

to explain to the vehicle's owner. But, contrary to what you might think, I would like to attest to the honesty of the previous customer. I honestly believe that he was completely innocent in not noticing he struck another vehicle, in that I think he was so *innocently* tanked out of his mind it would honestly be surprising if he could make out the road at all let alone other cars.

But, good reader, the reason what makes such occurrences even more concerning to me is that the valets often didn't interacted directly with the customers themselves. They would pull up the cars from the parking deck to the airport and drop off the key. At this point, it was my job to collect money from customers and return them the key. The only one customers ever saw was the guy taking their money, who became the de facto please address all your grievances here. Boy! I tell ya, I'd sure hate to be that guy.

Wait a second, oh yea.

In fact, on a certain night, I was beset by an angry mob in front of our desk (thank my lucky stars for airport security, am I right?). I had wired a S.O.S. (Save my Ornery Sit-Upon) on our system requesting the assistance of my supervisor, Mr. Buzzard Knuckles. Sometime later, I could see him through the window in front of the airport. I could see him outside observing the angry mob. I could see him there. I could see

him standing there. I could see him. I could still see him. And at last, I could see him walk off in the opposite direction.

Though to be fair, it wasn't like Mr. Buzzard Knuckles was ever much of help when he did pop in. In dealing with one particularly irate customer he reassured them by declaring, "Now, sir, there is nothing on your ticket stating that you will receive your car on time." And if memory serves correctly, it was this remark that elicited a most epic facepalm on my part.

But it should not go without saying that even I was not above scrutiny. I recall one instance wherein I was called into Mr. Buzzard Knuckles' office. Two of the junior supervisors or team leads or whatever were also present for the meeting. I was trying to think what I might have done wrong but for the life of me I couldn't imagine anything. So, we got to talking and pretty soon the meeting

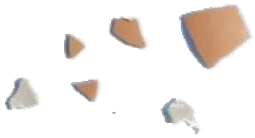
Don't ask!

dissolved into sheer confusion. There was a lot of back and forth until at length one of the junior-supervisor-team-leads-fake-title-whatevers says, "Look, we just think you don't respect us very much."

Now, I did have a response to this, but never in my life has what I had been actually thinking and what I actually said been so absolutely divergent from one another. My train of thought went something like this:

"Well, I don't (period, full stop). But, like that's the issue you want to bring up? In this company? Out of everything that's happened? That is the thing that concerns you? Really you? The persons who I can't even get their job titles straight, rarely ever see, never show up to help and still to this date don't have any clue what they actually do? Huh. All the while, I've been taking all the backlash for the company, dealing with angry airport mobs on a nightly basis and all for ten bucks an hour? And it's *I* who doesn't respect what *you* do?

Huh, yea, well, you bet your unlucky stars I don't."



But, of course, that's not what I said in so many words. I said: "Oh no, I'm dreadfully sorry, if I ever gave you that impression." That's right, I didn't say it in so many words.

I said it in inflection.

APR 27 1964

Anyway, it wasn't long before I turned in my two weeks' notice, and it was real this time around. And goes without sayin', but the airport didn't renew the company's contract.

So the moral? Yes, it has one (*really, no foolin', this time!*).

If a job feels like it's sucking the soul right out of you it probably is?

Well, yes, but that's not where I was going with this, but on an unrelated note if so then, yea, you should probably run.

Y'see, the moral of this story is not one from *there* and *then*, but a moral from *here* and *now*. Look, I said there would be a moral. I never said anything about there not being a catch.

So, it's like this, good reader, never during this job nor any of my other occupational incarcerations did I take to bashing the company or its employees in any way. Goodness no!

***Why*, I saved that for this book!**

Huh? Oh, you don't see a difference do you? Well, I'll make it so simple even a voter could understand it.

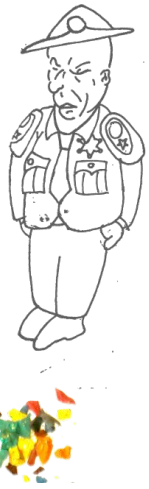
Because it is certainly one thing to bash someone in a wrestling ring, but quite something different altogether to do so on a crowded street. Just ask my cousin... Y'know, whenever he gets out.

The point is that there is a lot of wisdom in saving one's blows for the ring ~~(FYI social media does not constitute a ring!).~~ So, good reader, if ever you find yourself in an awkward occupational kerfuffle or confronted with a supervisor more ape or walking drug trial than man.

Don't get discouraged!

Just always direct your attention to the lighter side things, find humor whenever and wherever you can, take it one day at a time and try not to make sense of the nonsense. And, at last, one day, once you've put enough space between there and here, well, good reader, there is only one thing left to do.

That's right, don't get discourage— get to writing.



FOR DEPOSIT
CLARKS LIQUORS

CHAPTER 4-8% : I HOPE THEY SERVE BEER IN HELL (AND I DON'T EVEN DRINK).

Oh, no, no, no, I'm not saying I'm planning on spending damnation there, but I'd still like the option, y'know? Speaking of hell, welcome reader!

I see you've met this book, how very unfortunate. If it is any consolation, I did have to write it. But on to the topic at hand, yes, I rather do enjoy the idea. Though I've never touched the devil's bathwater (i.e. the angels' nasal decongestant), I've read an excellent review of it by a brain plopped in a jar just filled to the brim with the stuff. The brain said, "More please!" I think he used to be a representative in Washington (any), but, enough with that, back on to serious matters.

So, when we are all scampering about in hell as giddy as hyenas passing the devil's cabbage, we find ourselves in a unique position, most unique indeed. While alive the morally-

reclined are bound by the rules and regulations composed by the universe's most famous humorist. Y'know, the one who gave us such memorable gags as winter frost on everything transparent, inedible fruits, undrinkable oceans, slippery walkways, life, drain flies, and the existence of at least three different types of North: true, magnetic and grid. Not entirely sure if that last one is originated by or attributed to, but what a jokester nonetheless, am I right?

Right! Anyway, he gets to his mind ten rules, ten rules, y'see, shorter than solitaire instructions and likewise played alone (except for no. 6). But, alas, folks still can't seem to get the hang of them (speaking of hanging, he should have held on to them tighter). So, he does what anybody would do in a difficult position, namely raise hell. Now, Beelzebub's bubbly is strictly off limits to some who play the expanded, deluxe edition of the original ten-rule game. However, if you've lost the game and move your piece off the board, what rules apply then?

I strongly suspect one has to start the game over or move onto a new game entirely or at the very least move onto Level 2 or Level SB for those who've lost (Level -2 for our European friends who know how to count).

Incidentally, let me know if you've heard this one. So, a fellow drops into the world's finest barbecue and smokehouse, and the following transpires— [NEXT PAGE]

*** * * HELL WALKS INTO A BAR * * ***

1. INTERIOR - CAVERN BAR IN HELL - DAY

PATRON: Bartender, I'd like an old fashioned.

BARTENDER: Stoning?

PATRON: Well, no.

BARTENDER: Well, you don't get any more old-fashioned than that.

PATRON: No, I would like a strong drink.

BARTENDER: Oh, I gotcha, waterboarding then.

PATRON: No, let me start over.

BARTENDER: A bit late for that.

PATRON: (ANNOYED) Look here, I would *just* like some spirits.

BARTENDER: Have you not seen this place?

PATRON: Come on, now buddy, just bring me brandy on the rocks.

BARTENDER: Your wife found you with *Brandy* on the beach, hence you being here.

PATRON: (ANGRY) I didn't ask you for my death's story, I'm just asking for a drink!

BARTENDER: Look, I'll level with you, buddy, I would, I really would, but I'm afraid I'm gonna have to cut you off. House rules.

PATRON: (OUTRAGED) Cut me off?! I haven't had anything!

BARTENDER: You had Brandy.

PATRON: (SCORNFULLY) Shut up! This is discrimination!

BARTENDER: No, this is damnation, discrimination is three doors down the hall, hang a right at the trio of impaled heads, turn left at the swinging fire. You can't miss it. — Though I doubt *they'd* let *you* in.

PATRON: Why not?

BARTENDER: (SCOFFS)

PATRON: Oh damn you.

BARTENDER: Sorry, someone beat you to it.

PATRON: (WITH RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION) Alright! Could I speak with the manager?

RADIO STATION COPY

BARTENDER: He's busy at the moment.

PATRON: Well, when do you think he'll be done?

BARTENDER: Well, I suppose, an eternity give or take.

PATRON: (SCOFFS) Give or take? Why, I can't wait that long. Look, I need to raise a concern about the service here!

BARTENDER: Oh, is damnation not to your liking? (SHUFFLES THROUGH PAPERS) I have a form you could fill out.

PATRON: (IRRITATED) Look, buddy, if you don't start treating your customers better nobody's gonna want to come down here anymore.

[The Devil enters.]

The love of whisky has br[illegible]ght
disgraceful death.

THE DEVIL: Yes, what seems to be the trouble?

BARTENDER: This fella here says he's going to take his business elsewhere.

THE DEVIL: You don't say? Dear me, well, if you have any suggestions please do go on.

PATRON: Finally, a decent gentleman about this place. — Look, I've been trying to order a drink forever, and I keep getting the runaround.

THE DEVIL: Forever? Are you that cro-magnon who lost his shoe in Vesuvius and went back for it?

PATRON: Do I look like a cro-magnon to you?

BARTENDER: Before or after your old lady whomped you to death with your own—

PATRON: (TO BARTENDER) Shut up! (BACK TO THE DEVIL) Look not forever, forever. I just mean a long time.

THE DEVIL: My word! Oh, maybe I could assist you, what would you like?

PATRON: Okay, well, do you have whiskey?

THE DEVIL: Oh, I'm afraid we don't carry liquor here.

PARTRON: Well, why not?

THE DEVIL: Fire hazard.

PATRON: Fire hazard?! (ANGER INTENSIFIES) Here?! There's already like fire everywhere!

THE DEVIL: Well, I certainly hate to let it get out of hand.

PATRON: (ANGER CONTINUES) Get out of hand?! It's a literal inferno!

THE DEVIL: I wouldn't go that far.

PATRON: You wouldn't would you?! (SIGHS, EXASPERATED) Look, can I just get a beer then?

THE DEVIL: Really, you come down all this way just to order a beer? (SCOFFS) Wow. So, you're one of *those* people.

PATRON: Fine, what would you recommend?

THE DEVIL: Here drink this.

PATRON: What is it? (STARTS SIPPING)

THE DEVIL: Communion wine.

PATRON: (SPITS IN ASTONISHMENT) You serve communion wine?! Here?! Like seriously, what in *hell*?!

THE DEVIL: (SNATCHES DRINK) Sir! We run a reputable establishment. — Don't you bring that kind of language down here!

CHAPTER (this many: *hands*): THIS BOOK IS MORE THAN BAD JOKES, BUT MAYBE NOT, SO HERE ARE SOME ANYWAY. DON'T LIKE IT? NEXT THING YOU'RE GONNA SAY IS THAT THE TITLE'S TOO LONG. WHY, THE NERVE! — OH, WAIT.

What do you call three syringes in a hat?

Painful.

* * *

How do you find a certain mind-broke U.S. president, commander-in-chief, leader of the free world, after a major earthquake?

What president, commander-in-chief, leader of the free world?

* * *

Just as Loki blurted out the answer, Thor was about to reply.

Wow, talk 'bout stealing someone else's *thunder*.

* * *

S A T O R
A R E T O
T E S E T
O T E R A
R O T A S

Well, the window cleaner finally achieved his lifelong dream of working at the Empire State Building. Yup, he was really walking on air.

Y'know, for about two seconds, give or take.

*** * ***

Lena and Ole were just about to have halibut for dinner when Lena pulls it outta the oven burnt and charged. Lena, sadden, says, "Aw jeez! Surry Ole dear, 'bout burnin' da halibut, it yust vith muh grandmudder passin', muh cat gettin' run over by da cement truck, da ceiling leaking over da fireplace, muh favorite dress splitin' down muh backside at church, and da escaped gorilla vhat follows me home from da store everyday; I yust don't know vhat to do anymore."

At this Ole's face changes. He sits and thinks for a long time. At last, he stands up, and with hand on Lena's shoulder, says, "Lena, dear, have ya tried settin' da oven to low?"

* * *

Y'know, every once in a blue moon, I like to challenge myself to see if I can spot two full lunar phases in the same month.

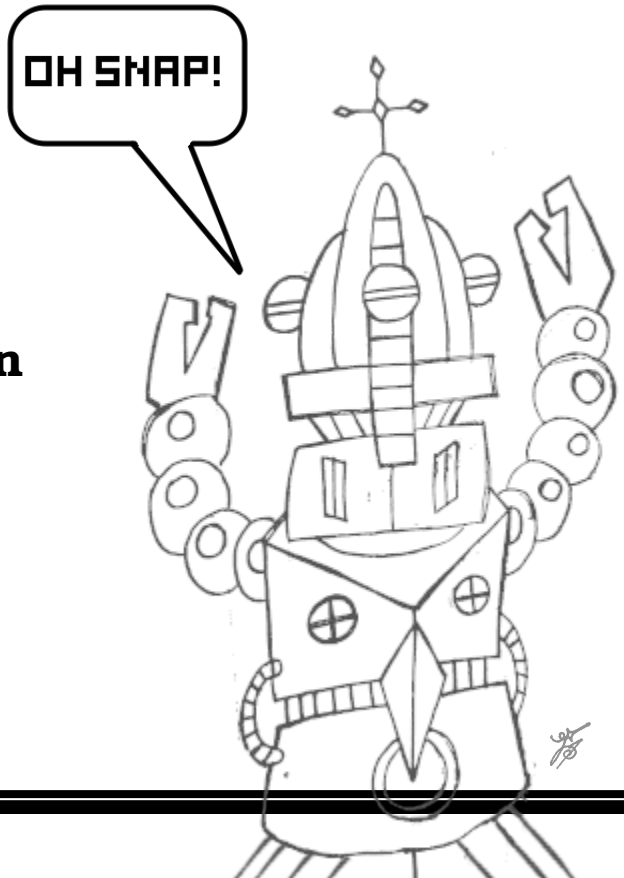
* * *

Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

Don't worry sir, chef probably just tossed it there to distract from the taste of food.

* * *

Yo mama's so fat.



Broad Street was named in honor of her.

* * *

What did Saturn say after taking one of Jupiter's moons?

I guess *Io* you one.

Kesha Ak
College of Agriculture
University of Mo.
Columbia, Missouri

*** * ***

Terrible accident on state route 64 due to an upturned ice cream truck. Yea, eight political cold callers, six zoning enforcers, five members of an HOA board, eleven people with an unsolicited opinion, precisely three film critics, the guy who honks at you at a red light, and nine individuals who constantly post to social media about how such and such groups are "ruining this country" were all horribly crushed.

Yea, I know, a pity, it was a *sweet ride*.

*** * ***

Ole and Lena just had a new pool installed and were going to show it off to their son when Lena started to grow worried. "Ole dear," Lena says, "Da vater in da pool is 'bout three feet, and lil' Ole, he can't swim."

"Tell ya vut muh dear," says Ole reassuringly, "You vorry not 'bout a ting."

"Oh, so y'know he's o'er three feet den?" replies Lena.

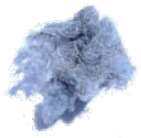
"No dear, I don't," says Ole, "But we yust hafta get him near dat pool. 'Cause I tink I know a great vay to find out."

*** * ***

What type of tree only grows over a dead husband's grave?

A weeping *widow*.

CHAPTER 11: IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOING WITH THIS THAT MAKES TWO OF US.



So, why did someone actually publish this? Perhaps, there was a new strain of COVID that only affects writers. Perhaps, they wished to mirror trends in current political thought. Perhaps, it was too random for a certain random house. Perhaps, their shoes were too tight. Or, perhaps, they simply felt bad for the author who had to write it.

Certainly, not the reader, "Beat 'em with a stick!," they sang. But I'm not like them, I'm with you. At least for another 437 pages then you're on your own (oh, don't bother counting, I - make up random numbers as I go). And you know something else, eh, um... [NEXT PAGE]

OKAY, truth time. If you couldn't tell, I should probably figure out how to write a book at this point, but don't worry I got the perfect plan. Why don't I stop writing, so you don't have to read anymore, okay?

Nope? Even after this picture? Seriously?! Well, a gluten for admonishment are we? Okay, but you're asking for it.

What? Now, that's a good question. Let me put it like this, "Have you ever gone skinny dipping in a grease dumpster behind a 24-hour all-you-can-eat diner?" No? Oh, me neither, I was just making conversation.

Who? Nobody. Anyway, so where was I wasn't?

Oh, yes, nobody's going to love what you make if you don't love making it. Of course, sometimes the reverse is true, such as the Great Pyramid of Giza, Great Wall of China, Greater Los Angeles, Great Britain, etc. So, basically anything with "great" in the title, oddly enough.

Got that? Not a clue?

Don't worry! I'd never throw a low blow at you in your confused state. We're in this together. Likewise, I'd never kick a person from behind. Except when most of their behind is

showing then it's funny for me. Point is crack kills. So, there you have it.

Huh? Wah? Who? Possum spines.

Exactly. Well, that's it, isn't it? The thing about this country. The unIted States, I mean.

Yes, unIted States, as in a big *I* and a little *you*.

So look, the thing is I would vote more, but, seriously, they just keep making it harder and harder to draw dingles out of the little bubbles on those forms. So, I must abstain.

Speaking of abstinence, I don't know me yet and probably am not going to want to, but I just like to say that life ain't no death riot, so you best have fun with death while you're still alive. And I'd be lying if I wasn't just a bit tickled by that cosmic comedian in the sky's most infamous joke. That is to say life. No, not death. That's just an encore. Right. But, let me get real with you for a second. Can I? Good. 'Cause this isn't an abasement of literature. I mean, what I'm saying is that I'm not writing in a basement. So, it's more of acloset of literature, but an abasement, never!

Maybe acasket of literature, I dunno. That all depends if my publisher decides to bury me along with it.

But hey! This book really starts to pick up after page 713. Now, I know it doesn't have that many pages, but that's no problem, it's all the more reason for you to start writing.

Anyway, the publisher, they says to me, says, "Come now, it's not like you were born yesterday." To which I shoot back, "How can you be so sure? Why, I distinctly remember it was yesterday– the very day after I was born!"

Though, speaking of which, there was this one time, I walked into a store's electronics section and beelined over to the youngest and freshest associate. I handed him a water filter and asked him if it was compatible with my laptop. He studied the object for a full eight minutes before going to get help whereafter he handed it back and simply said, "good one."

While infinitely hilarious, it still doesn't hold a candle to selling kangaroo feathers to tourists.

Which, incidentally, you would never do. I mean, they're really flammable, y'know?

Still, I am sad to admit that while having engaged in many more like acts of scrumscramdoopery, I am simply not the fraud that I always hoped to be.

Indeed, an impostor I am not, such a pity.

Well, I mean, and not to brag, there was another occasion, I did declare my hometown, Bumpass, Virginia, an independent republic for about thirty days in 2010. And everything was fun until I received an email from INSCOM. And what is INSCOM, you might ask?

Well, the unIted States Army Intelligence and Security Command.

But, hey, turns out I had a fan, and he just wanted to purchase t-shirts. No worries, though. Everything is straightened out now, I'm good, I think, sort of, I may be on a list, but anyway.

Flag of Bumpass, Virginia (Formerly the Meritocratic Domain of Bumpass Virginæ) by the author.

Well, I am certainly poised to be an excellent impostor having both the diabolical cunning of a dolphin (they are secretly devious; you can just trust me, *I'm honest)* and the reflexes of

a cat. And not just any cat, oh no, my cat. And boy! I've seen that little scamp run smack into a pane of plexiglass once.

The point is that nobody would see me coming (especially plexiglass).

And still it remains that I am no impostor, no fraud, no hustler, no charlatan! Oh man, I can't even cheat at Bridge!

Aw shoot, I can't even play Bridge.

All hell, I don't even know what Bridge even is!

Now, to be fair, I do consider myself a swindler of sorts, I just draw the line at outright lying and taking other folks' money.

But speaking seriously, Eugene Shepard was an entrepreneur who took in tourists by the hundreds charging them admission to see the "hodag," a horrible monster he said to have captured in the swamps of Rhinelander, Wisconsin.

San Francisco resident Joshua Abraham Norton declared himself "Norton I., Emperor of the United States [*sic*]," and currency bearing his name was accepted at some local establishments.

Baron Munchausen regaled thousands with his tales of traveling to impossible places, being swallowed by a fish, riding

on cannonballs, encounters with giant birds, etc. etc. etc.

But where among such ~~lunaties~~ luminaries do I rank? Nowhere, exactly.

And where does that leave me? That of being an imposter with impostor syndrome about not being a real impostor.

Yes, I am an *imposter* with *imposter syndrome*.

And my parents! What will they think when they find out? So much promise wasted on so much honest work! The look on their faces when they learn my college degree and credentials were earned instead of forged!

Sure, I have had my share of tricks, but what are they compared to history's greatest hoaxes?

Oh where did I go so wrong?! I cannot bear it!

And, yes, while serving in the U.S. Army, one long night, I may have built a website that might have resembled a certain page for persons most wanted by a certain bureau of certain federal investigations. And yea, I may have at the behest of a fellow colleague, hypothetically Michael Shawn Watts, placed the photo of a different colleague on said site. And still, the next morning, we may have shown said site to said colleague who

may have frantically paced back and forth exclaiming, "No way man! No freakin' way, man!" Granted, in this purely hypothetical situation, we wouldn't have put his name on said site or uploaded it to the web. We would have theoretically simply doctored "club shot" photo with some information on whether anyone had seen this individual listing certain crimes. Purely, innocently and totally hypothetically, mind you.

And, as it often happens in such hypothetical scenarios, my detachment sergeant, Sgt. Snake Foot, might have, while holding up a printout of said website, chewed me out exclaiming, "Seriously! This is what you do in your down time, Sharpe?!" But even if such a highly improbable situation were made probable, it would resolve itself when the victim of said joke attempted to contact the FBI while pulling up the actual site noticing he was not there.

But again that's just a really, really weirdly specific and hypothetical scenario that might have or might have not already happened in the future or past pending the legalities of what the FBI might have to say on such shenanigans.

Still, as interesting as that is, I am still without a prank that could match up with selling ocean-side real estate in Arizona.

And, sure, okay yes, there was this one time in 2009, I did fly from Germany to the unIted States while passing over Greenland. And at one point, the airplane did seem to be

making very little headway, appearing as if it were suspended in air. This was, of course, an optical illusion due to the vast distance between landmarks and from the plane to the ground.

And knowing this, I still went ahead, took a video and later uploaded this to a certain video site as "Airplane Freezes in Mid Air," not thinking much further about it. And yes, to my surprise, when I woke up in the wee morning hours, it had been viewed over 20,000 times. But, eventually, I put up notices declaring the video as an optical illusion and finally unlisted it altogether after some commentators hailed it as "proof" that the earth is flat.

But yet I still question whether I have postured enough to earn me the prestigious title of impostor.

Come to think of it, there was this one time I hit upon a good joke. It was for a video game system, but not just any video game system, oh no, an *unentertainment system*; *a*ptly titled the "Necronamacom." I literally spent months readying the most elaborate of all my pranks and once completed I finally achieved this vision. It was a completely browser-based video game system specifically designed for the purposes of inducing player resentment. Complete with titles such as "Cthulhu's French Bakery" and "Game Over," the latter which abruptly ends after about thirty seconds of playtime for some reason.

Oh and the first "game" on it? A masterpiece that no sane or rational minded person would ever attempt to win. It was appropriately and simply titled, "Suffer."

But looking back on my accomplishments I— wait, wait a second. Isn't one who pretends to be an impostor, just as much an impostor?! If not more!?

Why that means… Yes! I'm *imposterous*!

Well, I guess an impostor am I after all, indeed! Well then, shoot, hasn't this rant been a dumb waste of your time? Of course, not plumb dumb, mind you. There are various levels, y'know? And maybe this book is not complimenting a pregnant woman on her BMI dumb but it passes (fails?) the Rorschach test.

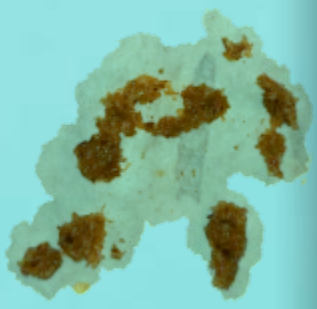
Speaking of passing, did you know that watermelon shrimp are not really true shrimp being that they don't exist? See, if not can I, so not can you!

Told ya I didn't know where I was going with this.

THE CHAPTER THAT'S AS JACKED UP AS...

That's as jacked up as cheating on a rectal exam.
That's as jacked up as a keyless typewriter.
That's as jacked up as a mummy taking a saliva test.
That's as jacked up as a snail at a salt-eating competition.
That's as jacked up as a two-sided box-cutter.
That's as jacked up as skidproof penguins.
That's as jacked up as a morlock sunbathing.
That's as jacked up as a cordless noose.
That's as jacked up as a noiseless sound system.
That's as jacked up as sugar-laced aspartame.
That's as jacked up as a walled door.
That's as jacked up as yellow-tinted water bottles.
That's as jacked up as a seven-foot kindergartner.
That's as jacked up as fiber-glass-infused talcum powder.
That's as jacked up as a road-killed shark.
That's as jacked up as exploding stomach pills.
That's as jacked up as semi-automatic pigeon.
That's as jacked up as a turtle in cement shoes.
That's as jacked up as a lizard man getting a haircut.
That's as jacked up as a skinny yo mama joke.
That's as jacked up as a one page chapter.

THE END



THIS HAS NOT BEEN AN OFFICIAL CIVIL DEFENSE BOOKLET AND WAS CERTAINLY NOT PRODUCED IN CO-OPERATION WITH THE FEDERAL CIVIL DEFENSE ADMINISTRATION AND NOT IN ANYWAY WITH THE CONSULTATION OF THE SAFETY COMMISSION AND NOT EVER, BY ANY STRETCH OF THE IMAGINATION, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATION ASSOCIATION.

* * *

CHAPTER 747: MY LIFE IS ALWAYS ON AIRPLANE MODE.

So, I'm returning from an overseas trip with the family and begin to board the plane when I notice something screwy with our seating arrangements. Well, we were seated in 21C, 21B and 21D, which I had suspected would all be in the same row. Unfortunately, in airline math what that adds up to is two aisle

seats and one smack in the middle. Now, my wife and daughter are together while I'm stuck off like a little kid in time-out across the aisle. Meanwhile, I can only wait in dread for the likes of whoever or whatever I may chance to be seated with. Naturally, my main concerns being the amount of space any fellow passenger might take up and the ever present potential for noises and odors.

And that's when, judging from the profile and passport, a lanky little Dutch lady comes taking her seat right by mine. Now, when I say lanky and little, I mean you could probably have folded her up and stuck her in the overhead bin.

Which, incidentally, and totally nothing against her, I wouldn't have objected to.

Still, I'm like "Okay, I can work with that." And that's when another passenger came for the window seat, a passenger with a baby. Now, I try to be optimistic, y'know 'cause maybe it's a quiet baby, and it did turn out to be. However, the lady in the window seat immediately asks the little Dutch lady if she could trade seats with her husband to which she agrees.

Now, remember the description of said Dutch lady from earlier? Just imagine the opposite of that. A seven-eleven, big-and-tall, bulky-armed, husky dude with slicked back hair and whatever the hell the opposite of Dutch is. Oh yea, and one,

might I add, who happens to enjoy sitting like he's straddling an imaginary wrecking ball. Goodbye leg room! Because we're both rubbing knees like a pair of conjoined twins the entire flight. Y'know, to say nothing of his knuckles grazing my buttocks each time he goes to adjust his seat belt. A point I was going to challenge him on; however, since I could never hope to take him down on the ground, there was scant chance anything of the sort happening in the midair.

So, what did I do?

I went into airplane mode.

No, not my phone that was already taken care of, *I* went into airplane mode.

I shut off existence even as one might kick a sock or contraband under a bed. How? It's a gift, really.

No, not really.

It just comes with growing up "last class" in America. What I mean by last class is just imagine simply that the good old unIted States is the Titanic and the iceberg has just rung its bell. The first class board the lifeboats then the second class scramble for seats and then both those weasel-eyed rats locked us up down below.

Basically, it is swim or drown because life isn't going to toss you no preserver class. Also known as the working class, the lower class, the always on the periphery class, the laboring class, or my personal favorite, "Hey y'know what? This whole class thing isn't really working out for us."

Interestingly enough, it is also the "Jack class" for those of y'uns who have seen the 1997 film (and y'know how that goes). Yup, when the world sinks, we're among those unfortunate saps who get to sink with it.

But, to be positive, it is not the no-class, mind you. When you're last class you still got a ticket. And that ticket is your chance to change your situation no matter how long or hard of a walk you have left to go. You still got hopes, and if one don't got hope, well, there's nothing really left over but defeat.

And because of that, hope, I never considered myself poor. Of course, that's not to say that nobody else never did. And in the face of all the insults and mockery you could ever have hurled at you, you learn right quick how to tune out the world.

Sometimes too much so, it becomes difficult for well say a "periphery person" to tune the world back in. And ultimately it becomes like some sort of double-edged *toothpick*.

And also not entirely unlike this chapter and me having to tune back in that this book is supposed to be about humor.

So, one day I was tuning out. My mind was off on a wonderful retreat imaging the fallout of a former place of employment having been vaporized by a meteor, eaten by a kaiju or some such delightful scenario when the college professor calls on me and asks, "So, Lenwood, based on what we've covered, what do you think the author was trying express here?"

To which I reply without hesitation something along the lines of, "Well, uh, I think it is a very critical message and something that we can all learn from. Obviously, it is something that is near and dear to the author and who they are as a person. But, above all, I feel it is a point very most worthy of much further thought and retrospection." What literally translated means: "I am praying to god bullshiticus and know not one biticus of what the frick you sayicus."

Afterwards, to my surprise, the instructor seems pleased with the response and moves on to the next student. But not before another classmate, Slug Arms Sammy, what we called 'em, apparently having noticed my jump down from space full-on Felix-Baumgartner-style and somehow still managing to stick the landing, giving me a sidewise nudge and adding, "nice job."

On another occasion, I was at my place of employment moving small boxes on top of big boxes (of course, minding the medium boxes as one does) while my mind was so fully encased in mental boxes to thus safeguard me from any thoughts of boxes.

I was then shaken from my trance or more like stupor due to a fellow comrade-in-boxes, yup, Beulah Squid Toes, herself, (pretty sure) looking disapprovingly at some colleagues barely moving any boxes. It was then I misread the situation and attempted to console ol' Squid Toes by stating to pay them no bother and not to try to make sense of madness.

Beulah then replies with booming volume, "That's not even why I'm upset!"

Then in a sudden stroke of mental lightning so hot it melds a bit temporary insanity with an ounce of genius, I say–

"I'm sorry. I'm a guy. I don't understand."

And in the impossibility of all impossible outcomes and of possible replies that was somehow the correct one. Squidy looks upon me fishily but approvingly and says, "That's right, you don't understand," and waltzes off on all ten tentacles.

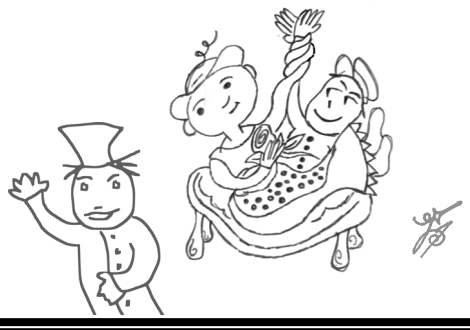
And toes.

I have since logged this utterance of eloquence as one of my best and have always bore it in mind should ever the need arise again. That is to say, y'know, when I'm caught half off my guard and half off my rocker.

But not all times when my mind is wandering off a cliff have I been so miraculously saved by grasping twigs. Sometimes I'm merely thinking of something funny when an onlooker declares, "You need to stop smilin'."

This is a bit awkward, as nine times out of ten, the thought isn't something I'd personally like to share. Still, I suppose I could always say instead, "Well, sir, we simply have a difference of opinion. See, you have your opinion and that's your opinion. I have my opinion and my opinion is you can take your opinion and shove it up your—."

Like I said I "could," but then I'd just smile more.



IS THIS
$#!+?

No.

No.

Maybe.

CHAPTER 10% : WHEN THE WORLD SMELLS LIKE POPCORN.

"When the world smells like popcorn," may be an expression used for when everything is looking up. However, it is not. It should be, *but it isn't*. And, in fact, it is so far removed from our lexicon of how to describe such happenstance that it would be a better topic of conversation to explore why I brought it up in the first place. But if I stopped to explain myself every time I made absolutely no sense then we wouldn't get very far in this book, would we?

But rather than waste your time with absolute nonsense, here is a rare gem from that renowned poet laureate: Ernest Clay Puckett, Esq. Mr. Puckett is known far and thin for his stirring words that reinvigorate the soul and regurgitate the spirit. In fact, it was he who during the Battle of Green Bottle Hill advised Washington (Mel not George) to lay down the weapons of warfare and instead use peacock feathers and pieces of old tires to bludgeon their enemies, because it would be funnier. And, yes, many did die that fateful August day in light of his

suggestion, but funnier it seemed and funnier it was. And thus the following is for your consideration:

WHEN THE WORLD SMELLS LIKE POPCORN
By Ernest Clay Puckett, Esq.

When the world smells like popcorn, everything is as it should.
No more stupid nuisance callers nor neighbors up to no good.
When the world smells like popcorn, winds blow as they may.
But never a fart shall ever waft your way.

In fact, if you were to look around, you would never see.
A certain something full of boils that boils up your pee.
When the world smells like popcorn, not a day goes by.
When you're free to run naked while firing bottle rockets on the fly.

Some call it anarchy or total lawlessness.
But I say it's when ramen noodles never cost more than fifty cents!
When the world smells like popcorn, you'll never hear me sob.
For it's when everybody down in Washington has to get an *actual* job.

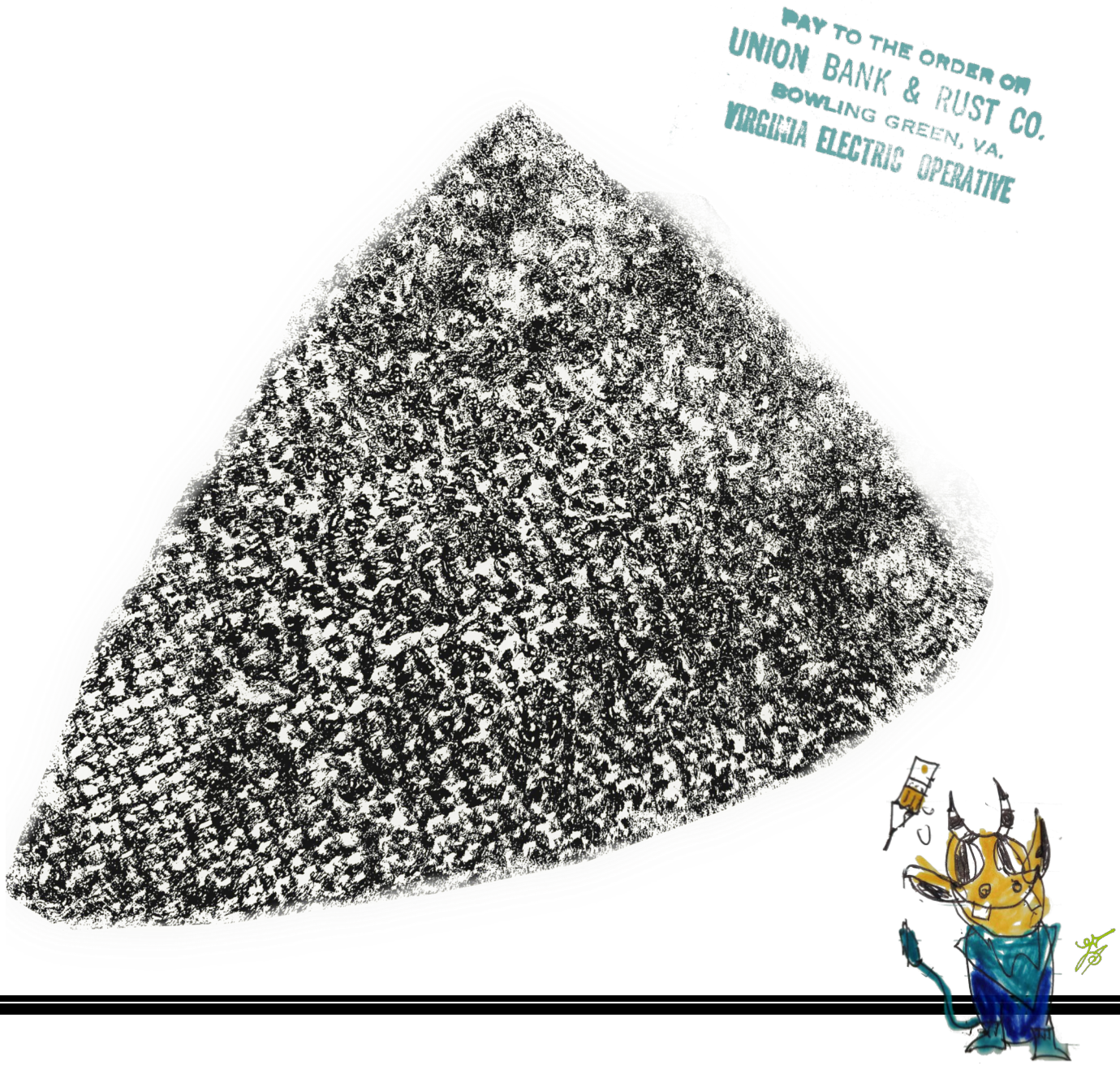
When the world smells like popcorn, everything's so buttery and sweet.
No more yellow-stained stairwells nor broken glass in every street.
When the world smells like popcorn, we'd all run and play.
While the wealthy shovel crap, especially on labor day.

When the world smells like popcorn, there's no two ways about it.
For it is an age when even a voter can learn to read a ballot!
When the world smells like popcorn, there's neither worry nor care.
There's no more looking for your keys nor a sock without a pair.

When the world smells like popcorn, everything is shining.
But without nightly road construction with reflectors blinding.
When the world smells like popcorn, you'll be you and I'll be me.
And our headboards will be free from all chewing gum debris.

When the world smells like popcorn, no more need for screaming.
Unless, the smell isn't popcorn? Oh crap, I think I was dreaming!
So, I just woke up, well, I guess I'm always learning.
Because it wasn't popcorn, I rolled up against the space heater

—And now my bottom's burning!



NOTICE TO CEASE AND DESIST.

FROM: Humanity In General.

TO: The Author of this Book.

Date: [Predate to Before the Book was Created].

RE: Notice to Cease and Desist in the Publication of Certain Trash.

Dear Sadist,

This notice is served unto you due to corrupting the minds of innocent, unthinking adults. **If you do not cease in the aforesaid scrumscramdoopery a lawsuit will be wrought against you.** If this hokum proceeds we will promptly seek a transient restraining order in the District Court of Nocandu against you and any partners in lunacy. We will not send you another denunciation letter. We will also seek to redress any fiscal damages to be paid and established at trial. If you do not affirm in writing to us by 8th day of Yesteryear, that you will cease in acting a complete fool a lawsuit will begin immediately.

Sincerely,

A. Gamm

Annie Raschanel Pearson

CHAPTER 5: TODDLERS AND TANTRUMS.

You have not lived until you've dad-walked into a preschool and heard thirty toddlers simultaneously crying all at once. I have, and it is a sound that dares not need repeating. Like the stinging of one's ears by so many yellow jackets; it is as ingrained in my consciousness even as a wampus cat's claws may mark themselves upon the linings of a mattress factory. But, good reader, enough of this fluff-kerfuffle and allow me to paint you a picture, this time in blood.

Just kidding, but not kidding, I mean, that is to say, but seriously, of course. Following? Yes as in no? Uh-huh. Sure, okay, right!

Outside the door all is quiet on the western front. I am stopping by to pick up my little angel from her preschool of the Christian variety. I casually open the door— the doorway to hell. All a sudden, without warning, the sound hits you like an atom bomb blast that somehow manages to keep going. The wee ones are balling with enough tears to fill three Olympic-sized swimming pools ('round abouts). They are running about the room, rolling on the floor, some motionless with their

faces planked into the carpet, and others on their knees with arms outstretched as if awaiting the final judgment. A poor unfortunate teacher's aid sits haplessly by, at the front, holding out her phone while playing a bit of children's entertainment, the unblinking look of pure shock and horror across her face.

But not even the mystic charms of the one named Rachel could quell the turmoil that had beset them.

My toddler spies me. She runs, tears streaming from her eyes and grabs my leg crying "Daddy!" I turn to the teacher with a look of stark confusion. She matches it with one of utter exhaustion and futility, she says with a sigh, "They weren't listening, so nobody got suckers today."

Needless to say, this preschool has since revisited their daily lollipop rewards system and now reserves such privileges only on Fridays.

Now, a fun bit of trivia here is that this was not my toddler's first school. I had a fun exchange with a teacher at the previous establishment. As all children do, my little bam-bam was having some trouble adjusting to a new environment. Now, this time round, this was one of those *politely* Christian preschools with an emphasis on propriety. So, in discussion,

with a teacher there she casually admits my toddler is doing well but added, "Well, y'know, she, she's a *leader*."

The second she said, "She's a leader," it took all my intestinal fortitude to keep a straight face and not immediately fall over laughing. And to this day, I have never heard a more eloquent and beautiful way of saying: "Your child does not listen to a single word we tell her."

Now, not to be outdone, my toddler actually has some interesting ways of putting things herself. And for your amusement here is a vocabulary of such "toddler talk" as it may suit any application situation:

*** * * TODDLER TALK * * ***

PRESORTED
FIRST-CLASS MAIL
U.S. POSTAGE PAID
OSG

APRON-SHIRT (n.) Overalls.

ARM-CIRCLE (n.) The arch of an outstretched arm wherein a toddler may cozy up to be read a book.

BLUE LIGHT (n.) Hypothetical traffic light color that alerts you when the road is wet.

BOW-CLIPPER (n.) A hair bow.

CEREAL-TIGERS (n.) Frosted flakes.

FLOOD-STORM (n.) Rainfall which produces flooding.

GOB-BAH-LINS (n.) goblins.

HUMBRELLA (n.) An umbrella.

IT'S ABOUT TO GET FALL (Exp.) Used to express the first signs of autumn.

I FORGOT TO BE A SNAIL (Exp.) 'Cause, y'know, sometimes you forget.

I LOVE YOU HEART (Exp.) To adore one dearly.

I MISSES YOU (Exp.) To really miss someone.

I'M NOT CHATTY AS A SPOON (Exp.) No, no wait. Yea, that one actually checks out.

I WANT TO GROW SMALL (Exp.) To express a desire to fit into something you're too big for.

LAST EARLIER (adj.) A toddler's sense of time sure is weird.

LEMONADEY (adj.) Tasting akin to lemonade.

LILLYPOP (n.) A lollipop.

MESSES (n.) A plural of mess.

NO BUT YEA (Idm.) Yes?

NOT SO FLYIE (adj.) Not able to fly so well.

PEOPLE-HOUSES (n.) Houses for the containment of persons.

PRINCESSY (Adj.) Possessing the qualities of a princess.

POO-NAH DOO-NAH DOO-NAH (Exp.) An expression of excitement or joy.

POONUP (Exp.) Definition unknown.

RAIN-SHOWER (n.) A shower, like in your house.

ROLLER TOASTER (n.) A noun, presumably.

SPECIAL MOMMY (n.) A mother who is special.

SWING-A-PAS! (Exp.) An exclamation prior to jumping off something full-on Evel Knievel style.

SWORDING A DRAGON (v.) To, well, sword a dragon.

TOE-FINGERS (n.) Toes.

TORMATO (n.) A tornado of tomatoes.

TO-YO (n.) Anything like a yo-yo but that isn't a yo-yo.

TUMMY-BOOIE (n.) One's stomach.

TUMMY-SHIRT (n.) A cloth covering an area to include the stomach.

WATER-POOL (n.) A pool with water in it as opposed to those left unused in the sun.

YOU FORGOT YOUR BEARD (Exp.) To indicate that a frequently recurring beard is not present.

YOU'RE A POTATO, AND YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET SQUASHED (Exp.) Some serious talking of the smack.

YOU'RE GONNA TURN INTO A LEAF, AND A CATERPILLAR IS GONNA EAT YOU (Exp.) The same.

ZEUM (n.) A museum.

CHAPTER 8: COLD PIZZA TO CALM THE NERVES.

Who doesn't like pizza? The smell, the taste, the way the cheese subtly drips and burns your skin like some morbid mozzarella magma. Alright, maybe not the last part, but there are few comfort foods quite as ubiquitous as pizza. Pizza hot, pizza cold, pizza normal, *pizza mold*. But let's backtrack to that fourth one. No wait, second? Yea, second one. Cold pizza holds a special place in the realm of culinary hits and misses.

You buy it on Friday, obliterate most of it, and the stragglers, the holdouts, lie in wait, in fear struck anticipation, in your food dungeon, that is the fridge, early Saturday morning. And then, at 2:30 a.m., your haggard form stumbles to the kitchen, belly protruding, in an almost out-of-body state somewhere between woozy and wonky. The refrigerator door opens with a screech and a figure, almost goblin-like in appearance, peers with eyes resembling a punch-drunk and hungry great white spying the pizza box. It is then without plate or utensils, or any marks of civilization, the ravenous, deranged creature engorges itself on the corpses of pizza past, a frenzy not

incomparable to a wolf making short work of a wounded fawn, or more properly a buzzard on roadkill, and just about as sanitarily too. And, when the deed, the slaughter, is done, the half-naked specter cries forth, "Hey, is there any more pizza left?" To which follows silence or perhaps retorts of "Go the hell back to sleep. We got another tomorrow *tomorrow*." At what time, the morlock descends back into the darkness, slumbering until what time it has the urge to feed again.

*** * * A SKETCH ABOUT ALIENS WITH ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO DO WITH PIZZA FOR NO ~~SANE~~ REASON * * ***

1. INTERIOR - ALIEN SPACE CRAFT – DAY ~~(NIGHT?)~~

ALIEN COMMANDER: Helmsmen, we will now set our course for the conquest of the planet.

ALIEN HELMSMAN 1: Aye sir, to what planet shall we venture?

ALIEN COMMANDER: To the planet known as EARTH!

[All aliens make noises of disgust and alarm.]

ALIEN COMMANDER: (SIGHS IN ANNOYANCE) What's wrong?

ALIEN HELMSMAN 2: Nothing sir…

[Long pause.]

ALIEN HELMSMAN 1: It's just ya sure *Earth* is the planet you want to conquer?

ALIEN COMMANDER: Well, yes. Is there a problem?

ALIEN HELMSMAN 2: Actually, it's just there's a lot of planets out there. Like a lot, a lot. And it's just like out of all of them, "earth" really, that's the one you want to go with? (PAUSE) Like okay, sure, but also wow.

ALIEN HELMSMAN 1: No offense but have you ever been to earth, sir.

ALIEN COMMANDER: Why? Is something wrong with it?

ALIEN HELMSMAN 1: It's muggy, full of bugs; it's got this place called "Florida."

[Alien crew shutter in unison.]

ALIEN COMMANDER: Alright, fine, then prepare the ship for an alternative conquest.

ALIEN HELMSMAN 1: Very good, sir, the conquest of where?

ALIEN COMMANDER: The conquest of Uranus!

ALL ALIEN CREW (IN UNISON): *Whoooooaaaah...!*

ALIEN COMMANDER: Oh, what now?

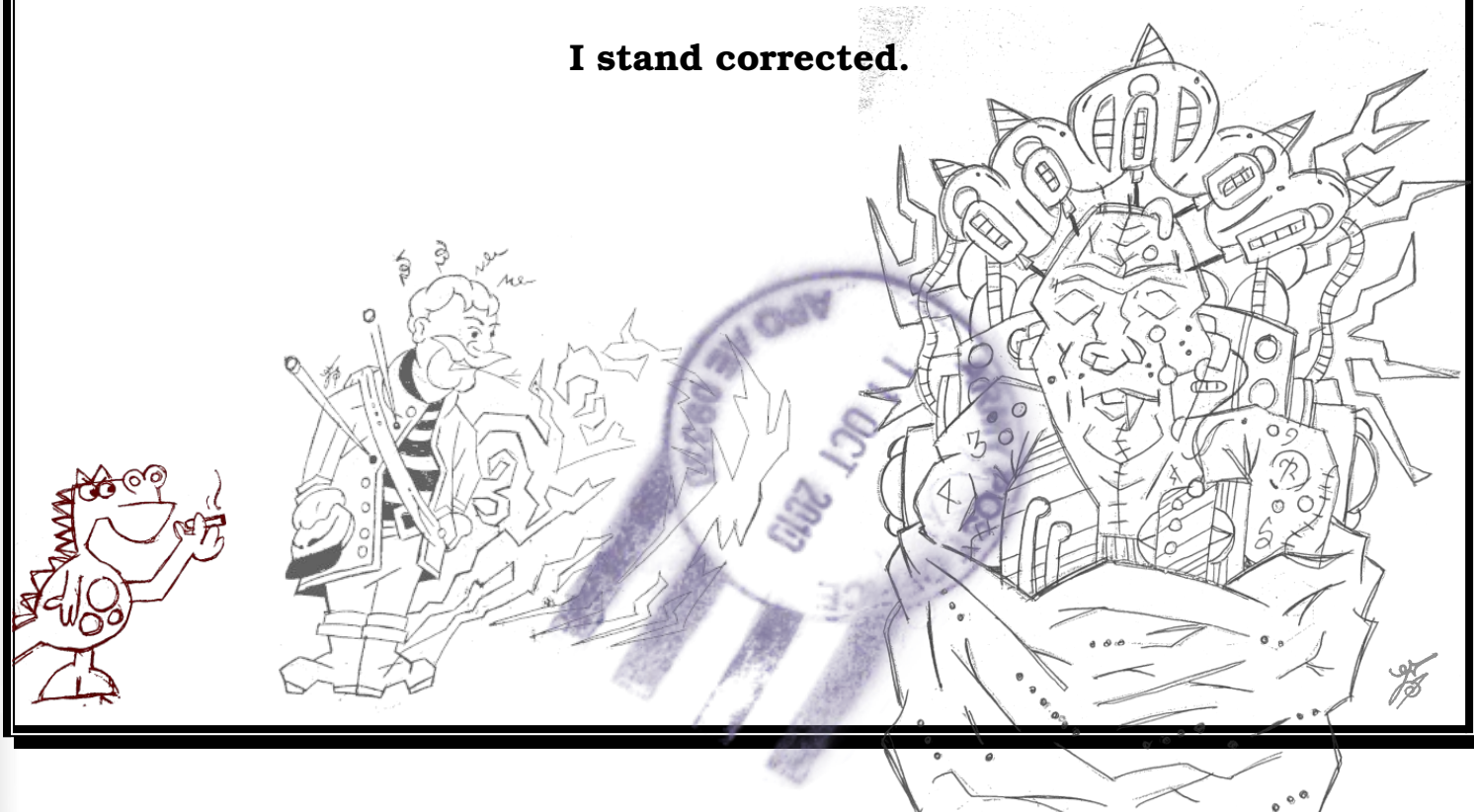
ALIEN HELMSMAN 1: We'll explain on the way.

ALIEN COMMANDER: After pizza?

ALIEN HELMSMAN 1: Yes, after pizza.

* * *

I stand corrected.



CHAPTER 42: MY BRUNCH WITH BIGFOOT.

No, I'd rather not talk about it.

“I’M SORRY, I DIDN’T MEAN TO POO-POO THE GREAT GILDED TURD OF CUCKOO-KAZOO!”

A CHILDREN’S BOOK

In a faraway kingdom where the respectable are few.
All hail the Great Gilded Turd of Cuckoo-Kazoo!
What!? SAY you haven’t heard the word about the turd?!

Well then you must be new.
In hearing about this most astonishing news!

For in the kingdom that is Cuckoo-Kazoo
That last rhyme is about as much work as brains ever do.

Perhaps, it is at this point, for those thus confused
I extrapolate on the meaning behind this weird muse.
For it was I, yes, *I* the one who poo-pooed
The Great Gilded Turd of Cuckoo-Kazoo!

And, of course, poo-pooing a turd!
Well, that’s something one simply cannot do.

For in the unwritten laws of Cuckoo-Kazoo
The irrefutable fact is that facts aren't good for you.
And depending who you are, should you not wished to be sued,
You cannot say about that turd what it might about you.

For the fecal lawmen are all lawless, the doctors all dopes.
I guess they all hold tight to a *hypocritical oaf.*
And I don't mean to blindside you with rhymes so verbose.
But hey I got just a few more stanzas, a page at the most.

So bare with me as I tell a tale once upon a moon.
When plucked from the crap of some wealth-borne buffoon.
Came a creature so vile, not quite man, more like a moroon.
Or perhaps something that might be flung by an angry baboon.

Word soon spread far and wide to nose-picking boobs.
That at last they had found a king who was equally lewd!
A Cuckoo-Kazoo king who would give them a hit list.
Never preaching love for their neighbor!

A virtue which as good Christians scared them quite sh— witless.

And so it was proclaimed by the nose-picking dozens,
Along with boot-licking, crotch-sniffing, butt-kissing cousins.
"This turd is so special! Nay, in fact it is golden!
It must! It was fired in the crucible of a rich jerk's colon!"

And it was from that scatological frame of reference.
They appointed a dung king who prided only indifference.
To its credit, it often spoke with great conviction.
Well, less on firm promises, and more like predictions.

So, its supporters lifted that turd right over their heads.
Marching on 'til its crap dripped down onto their beds.
But they denied the existence of such crap water streams.
In hopes that their turd king would grant them sick dreams.

But onward they went through waste deeper and deeper.
'Till it flowed out their mouths and obscured their peepers.
And at length when it came pouring down like a fountain.
All that remained was a turd atop a crap-covered mountain.

And this is the lesson for all time to be heard
If you don't want to end up in deep $#!+ don't uplift a turd!

* * *

And so my tale has only taken from your life a minute or two
It was weird to say the least, but offended are you?
Well, I'm sorry but I didn't mean to poo-poo
The Great Gilded Turd of Cuckoo-Kazoo!

I guess what I'm really getting at is that you shouldn't say a religious person isn't religious just because they aren't. Because even the crappiest poker player in the world is still technically a poker player. Respect the hustle, good buddy!

Confused? Good, this might help with that ~~(but probably won't).~~ The following examines moments when I managed, so one might say, to not *manage* very well.

1.) Attempting to climb over the driver seat and slipping on the leather. Learned two things simultaneously. A.) That the thing both my shins fell fast and were bludgeon against is called a doorsill. B.) Doorsills friggin' hurt.

2.) Couldn't find regular pealing knife, so used a long bladed knife instead... to peel potatoes. Ended up cutting two finger tips. Those bleed a lot

CHAPTER 7: JUST IN CASE I HAVEN'T MADE YOU LAUGH YET.

NOV 15 65 006 1022

3.) Running through the woods and catching my forehead on a low hanging branch. The only time in my life I've seen my feet come over my head at quite that angle.

4.) Running into a parked car. Learned that it makes little difference if it is you or the car going 20 mph. Hurts either way.

5.) Tried repeatedly to swat mosquitoes. Ended up smacking myself in the face at least six times. Determination does not pay off in this case.

6.) Climbed up a ladder in the shed to reach a box in the loft. Instead of grabbing the box, I manage to take hold of a live wasp inside my hand. Immediately let go of both wasp and ladder. Gravity assisted me down the remaining eight steps.

7.) Found a prickly pear cactus and tried to take it back home with me. Did not have a bag to place it in, so I attempted to cradle it in my shirt. Found out shirts are not needle proof.

8.) Jumped in pile of leaves feet first. Foot discovered board with nail in it.

9.) Somehow managed to significantly hurt my arm by sneezing really hard. Don't ask, I'm still trying to figure it out.

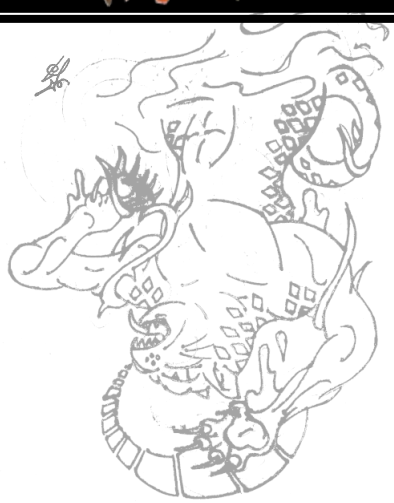
10.) Crouched down to pose for photo beneath giant bronze bear. Bear did not have the common decently to move out of the way upon me returning to my feet. Accordingly, made no *headway* coming back up.

11,) Went to Barcelona and stayed at the beach all day with no sunscreen on the assumption I don't sunburn. Assumption proven false. Spent rest of vacation peeling and making skin balls.

12.) Wore a pair of shorts with really long pockets. Placed my phone in my pocket, and felt a gentle tap on the knee each time I took a step. Didn't bother me, so I ignored it. Woke up the next day feeling like someone had beaten my legs repeatedly with a bat. The pain of a hundred miles begins with a single step.

13.) Made scrambled eggs in the microwave, because the bowl makes a perfect shape for a sandwich. Jabbed fork into eggs and was immediately greeted with a hot stream of steam that shot directly into my eyes. I eventually regained vision. Can no longer eat eggs without turning my head in the opposite direction and stabbing them repeatedly with a fork.

14.) Needed a small heavy board that was sitting atop a long thin board in the loft of my shed. Figured I just giggle it until the small board came down. My plan worked to perfection, just not to my satisfaction. Heads are not good cushions.



15.) Was walking into work through metal turnstiles. Scanned my badge so turnstile would unlock, failed to notice the badge did not scan. Attempted to push turnstile. My hand did move; however, turnstile did not move with it. Unmovable object 1, hand 0.

16.) While little, fell down from tree and by some miracle managed not to injure nor hurt myself in any way. Upon this realization, climbed back up tree and attempted to recreate this occurrence. Managed to knee myself in the face on the way down and land on my arm. Recreation unsuccessful.

18.) While reaching down towards clothes hamper, managed to stick finger on the plastic edge splitting the fingernail right down the middle. Yup, I know. … I know. …. I KNOW!!!

19.) Broke my neck attempting to read upside down.

No, I'd rather not talk about it.

CHAPTER 21: YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS A (NICARAGUAN) SANTA CLAUS.

If there's one occupation ~~(only one?)~~ that I do not envy being it is that of a Nicaraguan Santa Claus. Now, you're probably thinking, "Why, that's awfully specific." Well, it is, but so is sighting a rampant wampus cat at dusk menacing a mountain lion with a jackhammer.

But we're getting off the point, and, more importantly, if you can remember what that point is then please let *me* know.

All I can think of right now are wampus cats.

Oh right.

So, I was staying at my mother-in-law's in Nicaragua when we first stopped to grab a bite in the capital city of Managua. There, visible from the restaurant window, I saw him. Clad in his classic winter wardrobe in ninety degree heat he strode across the promenade. Yes, folks, Santa Claus had come to Nicaragua, and knew diddly-squat about the dress code.

Well, all I can say is that you knew he felt like sleeping. Heaven knows how he was still awake. Forget all about the bad or the good, just get this man a fan for goodness sake!

Now, interestingly enough, he seemed his old jolly self, which brings up some interesting logistical issues about Santa-Clausing near the tropics. How many Santas per establishment are there really? I mean, they must swap them out at some point. Is there like some grotesque Santa Claus assembly line hidden behind the bar somewhere? Would that explain the red goo seeping on the floor? I was positively determined to never rest until I found my answers whereupon our food arrived, and I soon forgot all about it.

Now, I did say that *I was* positively determined, I never specified for how long.

As you can see, good reader, busses are serious business down there; Nicaragua represents (pictured).

After that, I continued on my merry way unperturbed with only one notable exception. At my mother-in-law's, the room my family would be staying in had a false ceiling built just below the existing roof to hold in the A.C., as homes in Nicaragua have small openings atop to allow heat to ventilate. This was all fine and good, but I was also informed that possums often frequent the crawl space just above the false

ceiling. And, due to the constructor's lack of hindsight, it was more so built to keep cold air in and not so much to support the weight of possums.

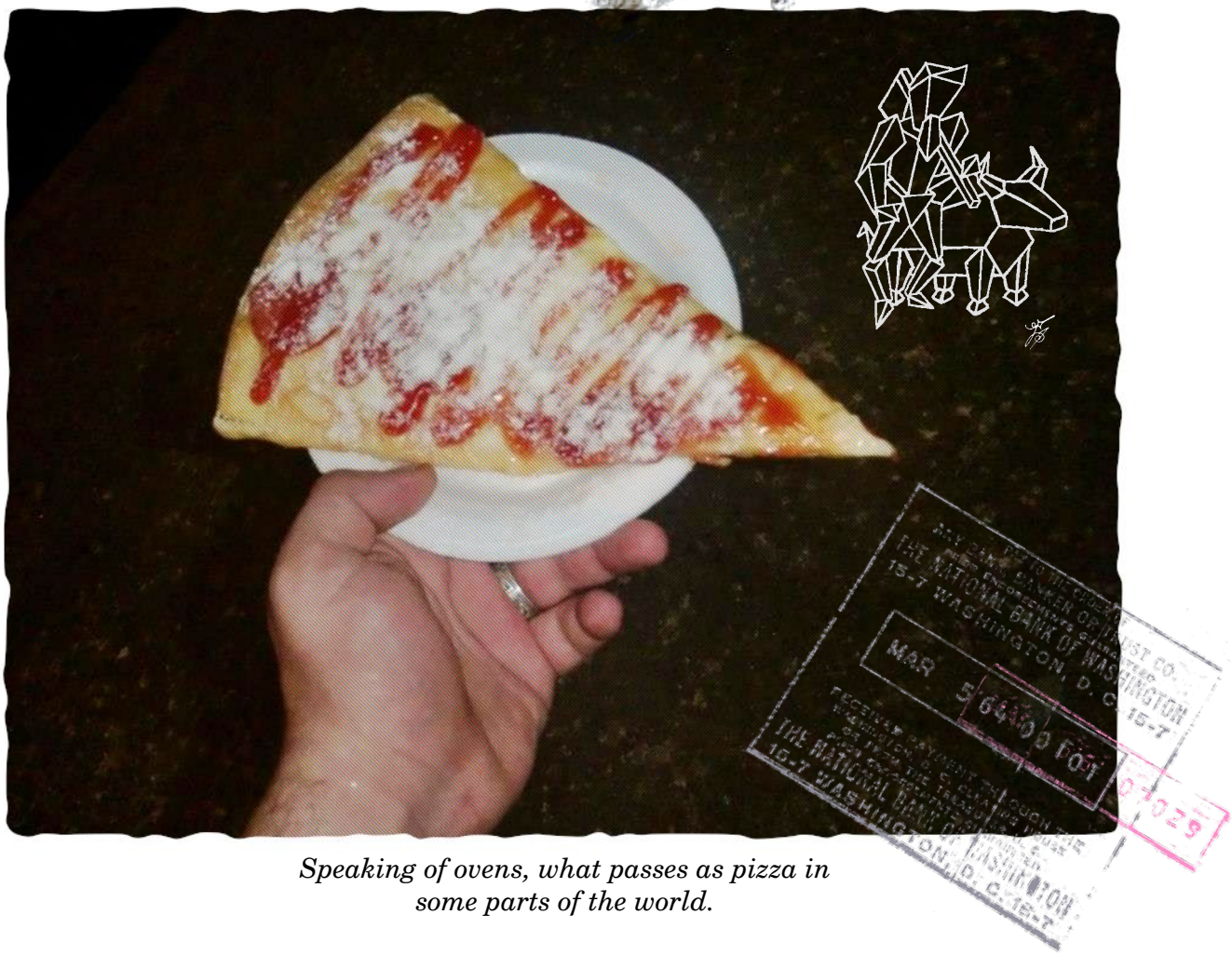
Thus, at any given second in the middle of the night, there was just the wildest chance that I could be, y'know, awoken from my slumber by the collapse of said ceiling and, oh yea, a live possum falling onto my face.

And even if such a circumstance didn't keep me awake, the very thought of it sure hell enough did.

I tell you, I've read many a ghost story and seen many a horror movie, but never in my years have I ever hit upon a notion so terrifying to me that I *actually* needed to sleep with a flashlight under the covers than that of a wild possum dropping on my bits in mid-REM sleep.

Thus, I spent the duration of most nights wide awake shining my light at every creek and crack that resounded. My only plan in such an event of course being to take a page out of the possum's book and to play dead.

But the whole kicker to the thing was that the durn AC wasn't even working! And had it not been for a couple of fans, the room would have been less of a wind tunnel and more of an easy not-so-breezy bake oven.



Speaking of ovens, what passes as pizza in some parts of the world.

But then, and not until several days thereafter mind you, I eventually learned that every creek and crack I'd been hearing came not from the ceilings but from the oscillation of the fans.

Who knew? Well, not me, obviously. And, oh right, anyway, back to Santa Claus.

So, among the contents my wife had packed on our little excursion were a digital projector, some books, batteries,

mothballs (for possums), not nearly enough of my underwear, and, of course, a full Santa Claus outfit.

And would you believe that at no point between me getting on that plane and living at my mother-in-law's for two weeks did I ever put two and *who* together.

Look, in my defense, why would I consider she had me in mind for Santa Claus. That's a bit like if Christopher Walkin played the Easter Bunny. Like it's within the scope of possibility, but, seriously, for the love of all that is holy, *why?!*

Plus, I would imagine a Nicaraguan Santa Claus would need to speak Spanish, which I do not. Though not speaking Spanish has its perks too, as I can attest having taken at least three long trips to Nicaragua and in all that time have succeeded in never offending anybody. Accordingly, I give my strongest recommendation to shutting the hell up whenever possible. It truly does work wonders.

Of course, then again, I suppose, "Ho. Ho. Ho," is universal.

Then again, given the context, it can be misinterpreted, so, I guess use with caution.

Well, I begin to put on the gear which surprisingly enough breathes a lot better than one would imagine. Probably in no

small amount due to the fact it was a lot faker than one imagines. For what appears outwardly to be a heavy winter coat is actually just long thin fabric to my relief.

Now, props to the manufacturer, while a fake coat it was surprisingly pretty sturdy and of good quality fabric. I would know, because I had to commandeer my mother-in-law's reading glasses to complete the outfit. The latter, like holding a magnifying glass right up to my eye, I might say. And, while I certainly couldn't make out anything five feet ahead of me, it afforded me enough spitting distance not to pummel anything within *striking* distance. Which so happened to mostly be small children, so, y'know, yea, good thing that!

To add, however, I did learn a thing or two about being Kris layoff the spring rolls. The first and not least of which is when shaking hands remember that you are doing so with children. For instance, one kiddo after a particularly enthusiastic handshake from moi, Saint Nick, simply declared, "Ow." Fortunately, our little North Pole meet and greet was limited to extended family, so no harm done ~~(law suits filed?)~~.

Secondly, if some rugrat asks you where your reindeer are, just point up. To this day, I'm still not exactly sure what I meant by that, but it seemed to do the trick.

Lastly, while Santa, feel free not to be yourself, like ever. You're Santa so long as the suit holds up. So, should you be prone to sudden bursts of insanity just keep your mouth shut or better yet get in and out as quickly as possible.

Speaking of getting in and out as quickly as possible, I have something very pressing to tell you on the next page.

Image of a creature one may only surmised is used by locals to ride into battle.

Pleasure to Have in Class
Perfect Class Attendance
Uses Time Wisely
Positive Attitude
Pleasure to Have in Class
Perfect Class Attendance

OH, LOOK A NICKLE.

FILE 13 — WHEN — THE WORLD — IS — IN THE TOILET. — — —

* * *

Captain, sir, I do not think our readers can take any more corny jokes.

Heard, understood and acknowledged, lieutenant! I will go inform the *kernel.*

DISCOVER AUSTRALIA

* * *

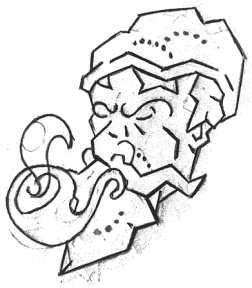
My cousin once escaped from prison by fashioning a rope outta his own body hair.

Some might even call him a *hairy* Houdini.

* * *

What do you call a man getting run over by a snowmobile?

THE READING-LITERATURE SERIES
THEREADI



A *slippery* slope.

* * *

What do you call a man getting hit by a snowmobile?

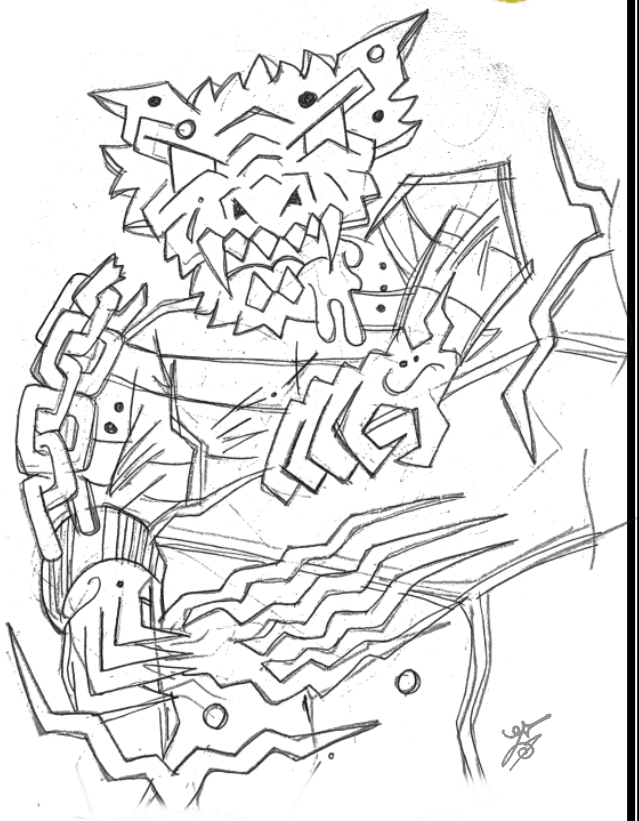
Wisconsin.

* * *

What do call that same joke but with a pontoon boat.

Florida.

* * *



COMPENSATION FOR GOVERNMENT PROPERTY LOST OR DAMAGED

3510 Recoveries for Government property lost or damaged, National Guard (fiscal year) (Required by law to be maintained; 31 USC 725c)

3511 Recoveries for Government property lost or damaged, not otherwise classified

Doctor, will you be needing the chart for the patient's LASIK surgery?

No thank you, nurse, I think I'll just *eyeball* it.

*** * ***

What do you get when you cross a leopard with a zebra?

At a zoo? — An urgent need for a mop.

*** * ***

Our travel company wishes to clarify our open-door policy. Such does not apply literally.

Especially aboard aircraft.

On an unrelated note, our condolences to the Plumitz family. — And now to clarify our policy about jokes in the workplace…

* * *

A bowl of peanuts walk into a bar.

OH! No! NOOO! PLEASE NO! Harold! Harold! Speak to me! — YOU MONSTERS!!!

* * *

Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

Shoot, must've ate the dang centipede!

* * *

Hey dad, I'm playing with the cat, and the floor is lava.

Again? Man, I really wish I could bundle my homeowners and veterinary insurance.

* * *

Don't be sad son, Fido is in a better place, now.

You right, dad. He always did love it when we would walk past the dump.

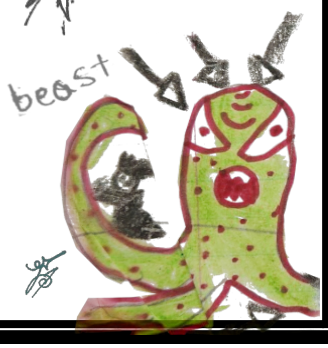
* * *

When is it funny to trick readers in a pointless joke that goes absolutely nowhere, has little or no comedic value to offer, uses up a non-negligible amount of the their time and serves no apparent purpose other than the sheer amusement of the author?

Right now.

* * *

What do you call a joke before it is even finished?



CHAPTER 11: THE HEART OF WHITENESS.

I'm not tryin' to say that Americans are lazy nor stupid, I'm just sayin' we're the largest purchasers of prepackaged sandwiches, so either of those probably factor into it.

The author covertly infiltrating the stronghold.

Where was I going with this again? Oh yea, that's right, something entirely unrelated.

So, I have had my share of difficult jobs and perilous situations. But I tell ya, I could have really used one to keep me awake while working as a sales associate for a

major clothing retailer. You know the one. It's literally one of the few times a *gap* in your memory might prove helpful.

Anyway, that's right, imagine me, a bright-eyed and bushy-tailed sales associate. Can you picture it? You can can you? Then it is little wonder that you have no clue how I dress.

I tell ya, back in the unIted States Army, the first day after I left boot camp, took off my uniform and put on my down-home clothes, my comrades huddled around, standing there agasp for words until at last declaring, "Why, we didn't know you were a fashion disaster!"

Still, despite my outward appearance, I do have an extensive knowledge of fashion. Unfortunately, it begins somewhere near my shirt collar and ends just before you get to whatever the ends of pants are called. Anyway, I was clearly outside my element, but I did learn a thing or two day-in and day-out staring deep, deep, deep out into the heart of whiteness.

For instance, did you know you're thoroughly S.O.L. when some little lice-picker, shin-kicker decides to crawl through the gap beneath the door of a changing stall? To be fair, I did fleetingly consider grabbing the little rugrat but proprietary demanded that I revisit that decision. And, incidentally, so also do applicable laws. Who knew? So, what did I do? I did what I could. I waited for the screams of the half-dressed ladies

from within and the hapless dad who frantically came swooping around the corner a few seconds too late.

But that wasn't the only challenge changing stalls afford to the noble sales associate. That is to say nobody seems to want to leave them unlocked after they leave. This, of course, good reader, lends to considerable confusion on whether a particular stall is occupied or not. First, I tried knocking but apparently gazing in the mirror at one's buttocks tightly sardined in a pair of discounted denim appears to adversely affect a customer's hearing. And who even knew one's haunches had ears? But, generally, after knocking without response and opening the door, only then would a customer make their presence known by swiftly yanking the door back, which, in all fairness, was still preferable to them kicking it in at my face.

So, I developed a little strategy to determine whether a stall was occupied. I would knock three times, wave my hand over the door and stick my foot beneath tapping it once or twice (perhaps accompanied with a hearty yell of "hallyloo!"). You think it would have been *fool* proof. Well, it was, 'til this one time, some lady opens the door before I could, says, "I'm sorry, I thought you were my husband."

Now, I'm not normally one without a comeback. But the only comeback any man could think of was to come back when her husband wasn't around. But hey, that would be wrong, indeed, it's indecent; speaking of which, so was she.

Another socially awkward, albeit amusing, incident occurred as a fellow comrade in bargain denim, Crawdad Hips (don't question it), was attempting to assemble a mannequin. She was having considerable trouble when a few of us came to assist. The supervisor asks innocently about the cause of the difficulty whereupon ol' Crawdie says, "Well, it's just that I haven't *done* him in a long time." At the utterance of which, all three who had come to assist immediately proceeded to walk off in opposite directions.

Fun fact kids, this is apparently not the word choice one should use when referring to a mannequin.

So, here now we come to the fun part. You obviously read the title of this chapter. You may also be familiar with a certain reputation given to my former employer of whom you've probably already guessed.

Now, was it as White (big dubya) as everyone thinks? Well, surprisingly enough, at least the one I worked at, it wasn't; neither the clientele nor my coworkers. I mean, after all, I did manage to get hired with the name "Lenwood S. Sharpe" on my resume (mind you, Sharpe with an "e"), which doesn't exactly scream vanilla. Indeed, I've never felt more Black than in wake of dead silence following the submission of a half dozen resumes.

301.424 SAD

And for context, yes, my name is Black, my skin is white, my eyes arguably aren't, and my accent is something you just kinda half to hear; and what I assure you in no way resembles the one you are using to read this text in your head right now,

So, yea, good luck with any preconceived notions you might like to run on me, and hopefully you handle ambiguity better than the subject of this chapter does.

But moving on, but also not exactly. I'd like to say a few words about my first car. Well, technically, a few words *in memory* of my first car. So, it was a 2000 Mitsubishi Gallant, and I tell you that thing was built like a tank. Likewise, if I didn't drive it like one I might still have it today.

Black with the paint peeling along both sides, it certainly had its quirks. When you would get it past 70 mph it would rattle violently. And whenever passengers were present, they would always turn out a bit shaken by this (both physically and emotionally). Meanwhile, I, myself, would simply imagine I was on a rocket ship on reentry and immediately proceed to blare "Magic Carpet Ride" by Steppenwolf.

It had a name too, "Ol' Scree-Scree," or at least before I had the break pads replaced. When you drove it off the parking lot, it matter not how carefully you turned, it would scream loudly and hauntingly, "SCREE! SCREEEEE!," like the cry of a

banshee or a bat outta hell, which incidentally also afforded protection from striking deer. For the deer would always make tracks long before this big black beast came screaming down the road like some mad predator that just dunked its rear end down on a prickle bush.

But the fun came to a close one fateful day, as I was zooming to work down Billy Graham Parkway just near Charlotte, NC. I managed to not break in time before stopping into the back end of a Toyota Highlander. No damage to the aforementioned vehicle was incurred. However, the front of the Gallant was a little dinged. And by a "little dinged," I mean it was in worse shape than the Spanish announcer's table after a wrestling promotion. It was still drivable, to be sure, but smoked like a cafeteria lady all the way back to work.

So, ~~by some miracle~~, I managed to get to my sales job at a the aforementioned store we dare not speak with my vehicle irreversibly John-Cenaed. A while later one of my supervisors, a transplant from New York City, asks if I could give him a left back to his apartment. I say, "Well, I had a little fender bender on the way

to work this morning, and my car's a little 'dinged up'" (you know what that means). But he says it's fine. Again I try to explain to him, and he's still like it's no problem. So, I pull down a whiteboard and begin to draw pictures, well, not really, but that probably would have helped.

Alright, anyway, well, the end of shift comes round, we go to my car, and he sees my "dinged up" vehicle. We get in, start driving and no more than a few feet the car starts smoking. Five seconds later, the scene looks a lot less like a Mitsubishi Gallant coming up the road and more like a Delorean about to time travel.

Well, I try to take it slow and steady to win the race, and that's when my supervisor says, "Drive faster, so the wind will cool down the engine." Now, look, I know that's a bad idea, and I got an angel on my right shoulder and a devil on my left both saying, "*Hail* no!" But here's the long and short of it, he had one of those macho New York accents that make it sound like he really knows his stuff. Me forgetting, of course, that in New York he probably used public transportation and has absolutely no idea what he's talking about. And still, I put the hammer down. Man, let me tell you, by the time the smoke cleared, I thought I really made it back... all the way to 1955.

Well, I call up the Mrs., and her and her uncle swing by to pick us up. The car's scrap after that, and even after that it

wouldn't be the last time I would need a new set of wheels to get somewhere.

Anyway, I digress, what was I yappin' on about originally?

Oh yea, so whatever happened to that retail job ~~or any consistency in my train of thought~~? Did I get the G.B.? Did I stop showing up? Did the whole place go up in smoke? While I would often picture that last one, the truth was not nearly as exciting.

See, the thing about it is that clothing retailers such as these are not so much in the business of selling clothes anymore so much as selling debt. This debt comes in the form of a "store credit card," which curiously enough can be used to purchase literally anything outside of the store.

While I did my job just fine, I only sold one of these cards– to myself.

Or that is to say I sold one to a fellow sales associate and he sold one to me. Having since paid off this debt trap, I can honestly attest to it being exactly that.

But due to the lack of me pushing debt on customers (i.e. y'know being unusually White) my hours were reduced from twenty hours to roundabouts four per week. Not just any four, four hours starting at 6:30 a.m. on a Sunday. Oh and also to purely janitorial duties, naturally.

Thus, my duties as an inefficient debt salesman were relinquished to tidying the store, which I performed until at last I turned in my resignation. Curiously enough, that resignation? Scribbled on the back of a 50% off card. Hey, they said they needed it in writing. And in a pure, selfless act of generosity, not only did I quit for free I gave them it at a discounted rate.

But then came the hard part, breaking the news to my spouse. I should say "harder part," because it wasn't like I was really making any money there anyway. So, informing my spouse should have been a breeze, right?

And thus is the folly that is man.

Well, I tell the Mrs. that I'm "thinking" about quitting, and she advises against it citing to the effect that barely any money is worth more than no money at all. Apparently, my employment, no matter how meek, appeared to give her some peace of mind. And to her credit her math on the subject of money was sound, I would know, I had plenty of time to check it. Why? Well, instead of fessing up that I had already quit, I would instead maintain my previous schedule, wake up at the crack of dawn every Sunday for absolutely no reason, drive twenty minutes to some cruddy parking lot with WiFi, and just sit in my car's trunk so no one could see me until the end of my "shift."

I continued this for the next six months until I found employment elsewhere.

The upshot of all is that barely any money is worth more than no money at all but maintaining a woman's peace of mind is worth more than all else.

CHAPTER 9: FAT BABY ANGELS.

Why in the everloving, everlasting, everblooming, ever-evering fudge-knuckles are there no fat baby angels? Serious question, though. 'Cause I've bet you've seen a fat baby. Y'know why? *Because it's every baby.* Yet no depictions of fat baby angels? Not one, nowhere. But this is a conspiracy that goes far beyond Michelangel (the non-reptilian not turtle). In fact, it is a masterfully minded ploy by one of the most sus minds of our day. You know who? I'll tell you who?!

Hi, how ya doing?

Because there's plenty of fat baby angels. The conspiracy kind of starts and ends with me. I mean, honestly, they even have a

name. They are called "cherubs." I was just testing ya. You failed. But y'know, what else is great? Nothing. No seriously. Imagine a world without nothing.

That's a world where you, your family and everyone you ever knew, and, oh yea, the fat baby angels too, especially them, all congeal into a solid grotesque, indiscernible, Cronenberg-esque mass of human tissue and fat baby angel thighs.

Yet this little thing called "nothing" is never appreciated. You never thank it. You never check-in to see how nothing is doing. You never call or text. In fact, I bet you've already considered fat baby angels way more than you've ever considered nothing, and, boy oh boy, that's not nothing!

I mean, what has nothing ever done for you? Everything. And what have you ever done for nothing in return? Nothing!

Exactly. Now, next time be thoughtful and just have the courage to thank nothing for all the nothing in your life. So, thank you for reading this but more importantly— thanks for nothing.

CHAPTER 5: THE BOOK OF SCREWTERONOMY.

1. These are the words spanked Gilagog to the people of Nocandu beyond the Uhtor Dubee Isthmus near the Mounts of Enda Sision across the River of Surtan Dowt by way of the Forests of Unsurt Tani at the tail end of the Luna Sea adjacent to the parking lot of Boyd's Auto Detailing.

2. And lo, Gilagog arose at first sun whilst a myriad of disciples awaiteth and abetteth their fellows, at whence Gilagog reseteth his alarm glass and returneth to his slumber.

3. Fell he out of bed thrice, did he, afore Gilagog arose anon. Gilagog spake unto them and lo he spake many things and spanked many things.

4. He spanked much.

5. And when the spanking had ceased, Gilagog spake unto them once more. Gilagog proclaimed, "Fear not the frightfully fearful fears for it is not as fearfully frightful to fret about or to be frightened over a fearless fright then in fearing the fearsomeness of those most feared."

6. And though his disciples understandeth not a word they were more affrightend than ever.

7. So his disciples did partake in a flagon of courage and forthwith they asketh, "Oh fair Gilagog! How whilst we knowingly know the thing what we knoweth not? Without knowing whether what is not known is worth knowing or within the knower's knowledge to know, y'know?"

11. And tallyho, Gilagog spake unto them yet anon-ther time. He declareth, "Ah! But is it not for naught we knoweth not that we ought knew aught else except naught for not?"

27. And by these words encompasseth the wisdom of Gilagog. And whence his disciples did ~~recieveth~~ receiveth (i-eth before e-eth except after c-eth) this, they were much befuddled.

8. And onto this point there was much pratting and snotnosing, to say nothing of bickering and snickering and dickering, about the peoples of Noncandu.

9. Gilagog then raiseth his foot upward to the heavens and did proclaim that he should kicketh many an ass of those who asketh most ridiculeth questions.

3. (We clarifyeth "ass" in the Biblical sense).

8675309. Then addeth Gilagog, for nary a reason, "If men weren't supposed to leave crumbs then why did the good Lord invent ants?"

TANSTAAFL. At [illegible] appeared in the heavenly printing press such [illegible]hing. A giant blot as it were that maketh [illegible] this passage impossible.

10. And lo! A noisome quaternion of servitors approacheth rereward a meteyard from the rampart, sith the sottish publican grisled with wens outwent thitherward with the jangling of a habergeon holden to a kine; erstwhile, two paramours purloined a daysman in the outgoings and forswore that an offscouring had made an obeisance to suppliants for chambering and surfeiting.

404. Forsooth! Gilagog entirely baffled by the verbiage used in the previous verse forbade another so grandiloquent.

17. And so it was that no further verses were as nearly incomprehensible, as Gilagog strictly imposed the new international English translation.

42. However, this move proved to be Gilagog's great undoing for given the lack of grandiose and redundant, albeit archaic,

language to obscure how nonsensical his words actually were. His nonsense was then made as one plain.

44. Thus, Gilagog's movement began to dwindle as it was no longer nearly as profound sounding as when it began.

0. The upshot of all is that speech that sounds important is often held as more important than speech that actually is.

—. And when, only when, what you say and what you mean are so completely muddled in random gibberish then no one will really care how dumb you truly are but always look for meaning when no meaning there ever was.

ID10T. For further revelation please insert $5. — All major credit cards are to be accepted as a token of our grace.

NOCANDU AND ADJACENT LANDS

(Map by the Society for the Betterment of Nothing)

CHAPTER 1: IF THEY DON'T PUBLISH THIS $#!+ THE INTERNET WILL.

Though you could also title this chapter, "This Last Attempt Really Isn't All That Funny," which curiously enough was one of the working titles for this book.

Anyway, so I'm always remembering, and the thing I've forgotten most of all from writing this book ~~(?)~~ is the ever gradual apprehension of what to do with it once I've popped it out the oven. Sure, like the Little Red Hen, I planted the wheat, I grew the wheat, and sure, I may have smoked the bread *a bit*. It's just I'm not entirely certain whether I or anyone with head screws will actually want to *read the bread*.

However, in the uncertainty that someone actually publishes it, and you find yourself to be a "good reader." Well, I would like to remind you, *good reader*, that wasn't always the plan.

'Cause, well obviously, I didn't have one.

I just got to writing. Hell, took thirty pages into the blamed thing before I had any clue where I was headed! ~~And probably the thirty I edited out.~~ But that's what makes it an adventure, y'know? Vacations are planned, but adventures, *adventures*, they are not. See, some folks will tell you the only way forward is to think and plan and organize and something and another thing until at last—it fizzles out before it was ever born. But sometimes planning and procrastination, well, they're actually just one in the same thing.

Take it from me ~~(sure, why not I seem REALLY sane)~~. Y'know, to my credit, as far as unsuccessful people go, I'm a pretty successful unsuccessful person. It's just that modesty so often compels me to keep that area of success to myself.

What I mean to say is that I've done a lot even if I haven't earned quite so much. But, before I doze off into eternal sleep on that book pile you use for kindling, know this: you can do anything you want to do in life, it just doesn't mean you'll get paid for it. And if that'll stop you then did you really want to do the thing or did you just want to make money?

'Cause y'know, everybody expects a package deal, a *two-fer*, if you will, but what you do for a living and what you *do to live* are rarely if ever the same thing. Sure, everybody and their grand-cousin shoots for the moon, but the thing they don't tell you is that the moon, as great as it is, puts a whole lot of distance between you and a little ol' thing called planet earth.

It can get awful cold up there, and you gotta understand that moonbeams, no matter how shining and bright, are never any replacement for good ol' fashion sunshine. A little fact you come to appreciate (*literally*) when you work night shift for six years. And, sure, I could be earning more doing what I was before. I remember having money.

But I also remember never seeing a sunset, and now, well, I'll never look at them the same way again.

What I'm driving at is that you need to come back down to earth once in a while. Breath the air, touch the grass, laugh with a friend, remind yourself how the rain feels, set aside the map for a moment, go outside and have an adventure! Because no matter how dark the night sky may get, if you look out only to the darkness, well, all you're ever gonna see is darkness.

The world is always turning, trick of life is to learn to roll with it. And so long as you find what you love to do then it really won't matter what you do for a living. This book, for example, well, it ain't perfect, because I'm not perfect. And you're not perfect. But, y'know somethin'? That's what makes us perfect.

So, just do what you ought to do to live but live to do what you ought to do. After that, well, *good reader*, be patient, wait for it, and you'll see a sunrise yet.

'Cause, speaking from experience, those are pretty nice too.

OH WAIT. ONE LAST THING BEFORE I GO.

CHAPTER 27: THIS IS NOT A BOMB THREAT!

Sure, taking complaints for six years might feel like a brisk little dive teeth-first into a concrete pond for some but for me it was the mental equivalent of sitting on Jupitor's frozen moon of Europa, dunking my pelvis in a cryovolcano then smacking my jingles across a glacier as it shatters at minus 140 degrees Kelvin.

And that was just halfway through the shift.

Fortunately ~~(?)~~, I continued to work the graveyard shift as my fellow communication specialists advised that during daylight hours they felt, "like jumping out of a window."

That's an actual quote by the way, just attribute it to whoever, whatever you like.

Now, while I cannot disclose protected information about the calls themselves, there were some cute off-the-books moments at my blue-collar-white-collar job that occurred within the confines of the contact center itself. Not the least of which being that the "i" and the "l" keys seem to be very close together where the "l" should be in "job titles."

Now, the job, itself, was pretty mundane. We took complaints ("reports" as they termed them) detailing such he-said-she-said as pettiness among peers, public urination, threats of violence, bombing, murder, generally mayhem, root magic, claims of divinity, etc. And more than once, I'd alert the escalation line with, "Look, *this is not a bomb threat*, but–."

So, yea, pretty basic stuff.

And yea, also, as you might infer, I did not always side with the caller. But hey, every company has an ethics line and just about all of them get rooted to us. It was then my job as an impartial and neutral party ~~with a bathtub full of bias~~ to take down the report and send it to the caller's respective company. Just because I couldn't let the caller know my opinion never meant I didn't have one.

For instance, do I think one caller or another might have been a complete as... astute citizen? The answer, on multiple occasions, was yes. Especially that one particular dingbat from that one particular company with a particular location in Modesto, California. You know who you are.

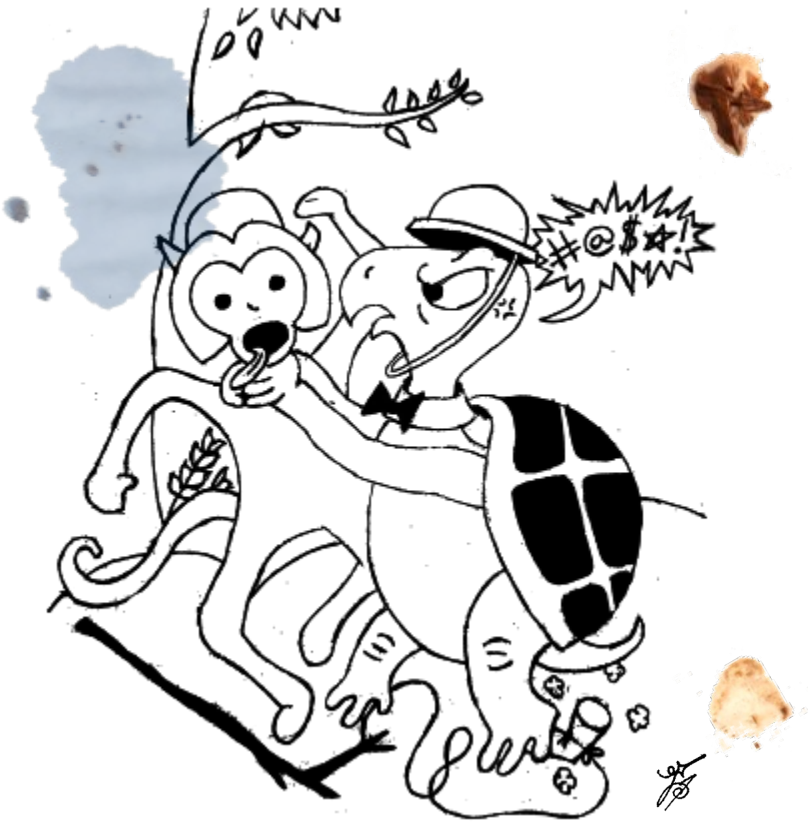
Still, in an effort to preserve my mental sanity from the consequences of my vocation, I found some ways to amuse myself. One such method was to write a report sounding a bit like a certain sixties bat-themed superhero show with phrases such as "convincing culprits" and "dastardly doers." This was a bit trickier, because, after one finishes summarizing the caller's information into a report, one still needs to read the report back to the caller. The caller is the one who green lights what is written and sent back to the company.

However, I got very good at ascertaining whether a caller actually cared what the report sounded like simply off the inflections in their voice. And while I can neither deny nor confirm the contents of any reports I took, I will go as far as to say it was certainly possible some were sent out as such.

Now, there was another little game wherein I tried to shove as many twenty dollar words in a report as humanly possible: "cantankerous," "equanimity," "vituperation," "lackadaisical," etc. were among some of my favorites. One day I achieved the holy grail of all such reports and managed to crank out an

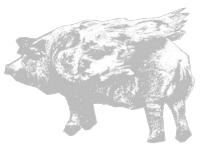
entire stuffed cat worth of grandiloquence into a single report (to include the word "grandiloquence"!). Afterwards, I forgot all about it. That is until one day when I was pulled aside.

So, supervisor summons me back to his desk and says, "Look, you're not in trouble. I just have to talk to you because a client of ours talked to me. They just want to know if the words written in this report are the caller's or yours, because they said their employees '*Don't know those words.*'"



Now, of course, I cannot say what company that was, but the fact that any business can be so self-assured of the intellectual deficiencies of their employees is amusing nonetheless.

Say, speaking of intellectual deficiencies, did I mention I am a fan of those tiny toothpastes you get free at hotels? It's true, my favorite flavor is the one called "nourishing body wash."



What? Huh? Who? Oh right, what did that have to do with anything? Oh, nothing, just wanted to see if you were still paying attention after relatively not so many pages.

No, really, it's the truth. Don't mention it. No, actually, don't mention it, *the truth*, I mean. As you may incorrectly misremember, I did previously say I cannot blab about the contents of the real reports due to confidentiality restrictions.

***Although*, while I did say I cannot reveal the truth about reported allegations, I never said anything about not swearing to tell the *untruth*, the whole *untruth*, and nothing but the *untruth*, so help me, well... *fraud*? Because ofttimes fiction has a lot of truth behind it.**

So, how 'bout some of that *fiction*, shall we?

***** WHAT A CALLER MIGHT HAVE SOUNDED LIKE *****

"This is not a bomb threat— but my manager is like a complete [a-expletive]. Earlier this afternoon, at 8:00 a.m., he got on my case, again, for no reason, no reason, y'know what I'm sayin'? And he got all up on me, like John does, and was all like, "You don't know your job." But I do, I know my job way better than Polly, that [b-expletive], y'hear me? And who do *you* think you are tellin' me I don't know my job? Terry? Like, [f- expletive]-ing Terry?! You don't even know the job half

as well as Carol does and that's really sayin' something. My manager, he, just sits pretty on his [a-expletive] in the office all day, all day, like Graham, playing on his stupid phone. Did I mention he's an [a-expletive] like John? Then this evening, at three, I heard from other Terry that Michael told Eric that a customer heard the manager say to Brian "stupid." Man, that's not cool. [F-expletive], I'd never say "stupid" at work. Now, you send this to corporate. Get all their [a-expletive (plural)] fired. Did I mention I'm like the Light and the Way or something? And like *audible sighs* are we almost done already? I got to take the next customer in line."

***** WHAT I WOULD HAVE WRITTEN DOWN (MORE OR LESS) *****

"The caller is concerned due to the unprofessional conduct of Random Dickish Manager. The caller notes Random Dickish Manager regularly demonstrates a cantankerous and lackadaisical demeanor. As well, Random Dickish Manager, a dastardly doer, spends the duration of the shift in the office utilizing his cell phone while on company time.

Moreover, on May 22, 2023, at approximately 8:00 a.m., Random Dickish Manager upbraided the caller in the presence of customers and the caller's peers. Random Dickish Manager construed that the caller did not know how to complete basic duties. As well, Random Dickish Manager used the term "stupid" in the presence of a customer.

Overall, the caller is deeply concerned due to the noisome comportment and caducous vituperations of Random Dickish Manager. The caller stresses that Random Dickish Manager does not possess the knowledge, skill, equanimity nor gradiloquence demanded of his role. The caller does not believe that Random Dickish Manager's conduct reflects company values and requests that appropriate steps be taken to review this matter.

The caller notes that he/she is the "Light and the Way or something."

NOTE: The caller wishes to stress that this report "is not a bomb threat." The caller was asked for clarification. The caller responded, "I dunno." The caller was also asked to clarify a claim of divinity he/she made. The caller notes he/she "work[s]" in "mysterious ways" and proceeded to play organ music from a cellar device. The caller does believe someone to be in immediate physical danger at this moment. The caller was asked for clarification on the nature of such danger. The caller could not specify as to whom or to what or when regarding said danger. The caller wishes for these concerns to be escalated to the corporate level.

SAM SHER
16611 SAS AVE NE
WASHINGTON D C
20002

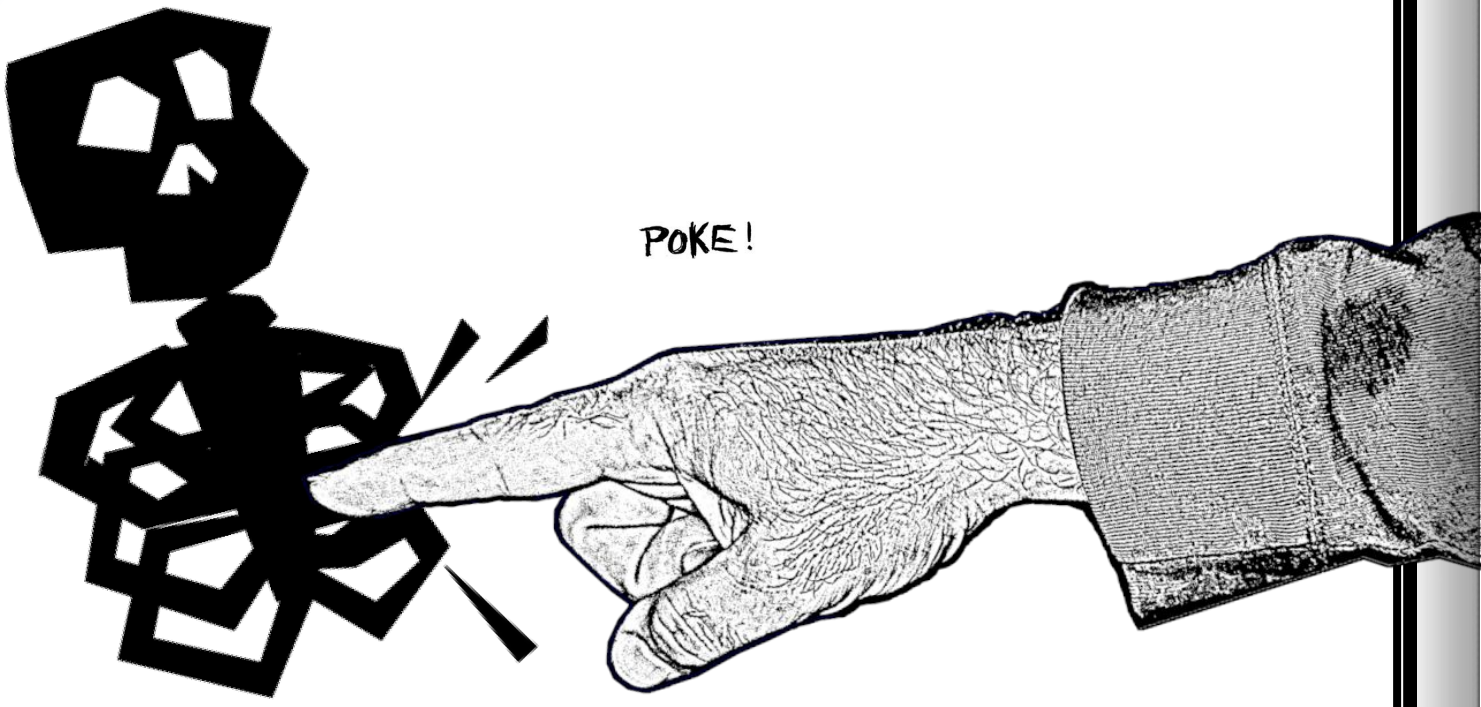
IS IT OVER YET?

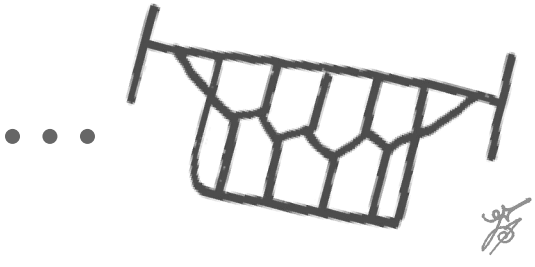
So I guess what I mean to say with all of this is, that is to say the upshot to this whole book, the moral if you will, the reason (if you won't), the message, the massage, the milk, the full enchilada, the meaning, the substance, the oobleck, the very point, the chocolatey center, the material, the core, the rationale, the true significance, the raison d'être, the marrow, the gist, the justification for its very being, the how to the why, the thing made evident, the heart and soul, the quintessence, the crux, the nucleus, the meat and potatoes, the goods, the quiddity, the bang to the boogie say up jump the boogie, the juice, the nitty-gritty, the principle behind it, the runcible spoon, the conclusion, the key, the spirit, the foundation, the impetus, the square root, the focus, the nidus, the truth, the culmination, the yoke, the inner sanctum, the bottom line, the gravy, the goop, the soup, the missing link, the "X" marking the spot, the intent, the Marcia, the unicorn, the absolute indication, the ultimate question, the cheese at the end of the rat maze, the sum of all parts, the MacGuffin, the Shangri-La, the be-all and end-all, the final countdown, the eleventh herb and/or spice, the pinnacle, the escutcheon, the snipe, the telltale sign, the zenith, the Waldo, the pay dirt, the holy grail, the fountain of spoof, the Easter egg, the pièce de

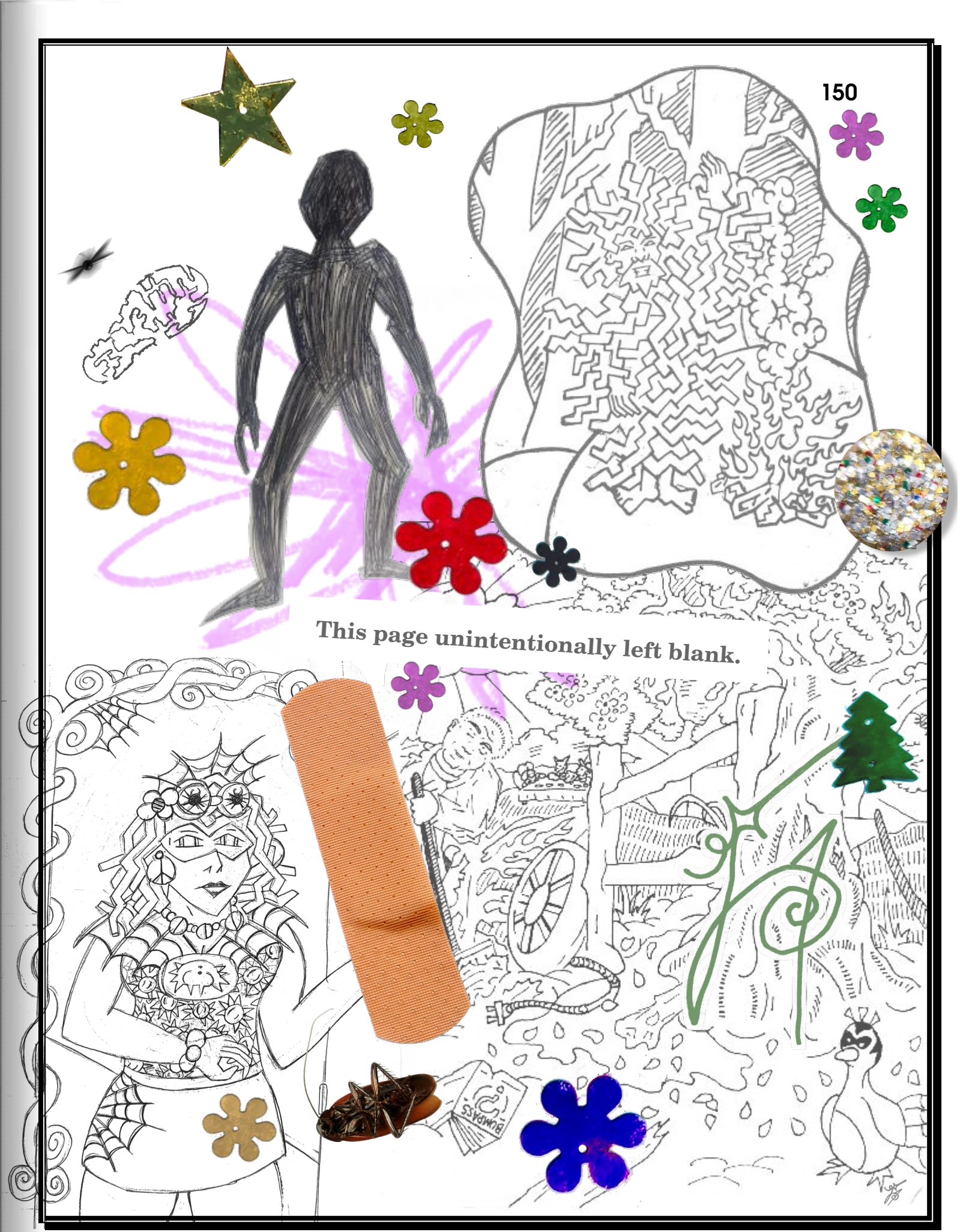
résistance, the treasure, the aim, the design, the secret, the mystery, the missing sock, the je ne sais quoi, El Dorado, the object, the basis, the man behind the curtain, the anchor, the pirate's booty, the cherry filing, the place where you left your keys, the bootstraps, the rug underneath, the sugar on top, the essence, the guts, the name of the game, the nuts and bolts, the reward, the just deserts, the light at the end of the tunnel, the final stop, the apex, the crown jewel, the secret sauce, the roots, the ballast, the payoff, the finish, the crescendo, the outcome, the key log, the cornerstone, the eleventh hour, the upside, the prize at the bottom of the cereal box, Sagittarius A*, the sweet spot, the mint underneath your pillow, the four-leaf clover, the checkered flag, the oasis, the third act, the syrup, the nectar, the who to letting the dogs out, the baby in the king cake, the lemonade springs, where the bluebirds sing, (in) the Big Rock Candy Mountains, the finish line, the home plate, the last dumpling, the climax, the hearth, the mojo, the jazz, the cold pizza, the haunted marshmallow, the stuffing to the cat, the this is getting ridiculous, the hey just get on with it already, *the long awaited period to the end of this sentence*, the main takeaway, the last hurrah, the swan song, the lesson, the purple cow, the return on your investment, the eye of the tiger, the pot of gold at the end of a most seriously messed up rainbow in dire need of a psychiatric evaluation, the last gasp, and the very thing I want you to know most of all is—

...

[REDACTED]







This page unintentionally left blank.

CHARACTERS CREATED BY

Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse, & Oswald the Lucky Rabbit
Created by Walt Disney

Violet, Slingsby, Guy, Lionel, Quangle Wangle, & Old Foss
Created by Edward Lear

Koko the Clown created by Max Fleischer

Felix the Cat Created by
Pat Sullivan & Otto Messmer

Popeye & Castor Oyl Created by E. C. Segar

The Hatter & The Cheshire Cat Created by Lewis Carroll
& Sir John John Tenniel

Little Nemo Created by Winsor McCay

Fantasmagorie Created by Émile Cohl

Bert the Turtle & Monkey Created by
Anthony Rizzo, Raymond J. Mauer and/or Lars Colonius

Drag Knight & Dragoon Created by Unknown Artists

The Katzenjammer Kids Created by Rudolph Dirks

The Headless Horseman Created by Washington Irving

Barney Google Created by Billy DeBeck

Krazy Kat Created by George Herriman

Additional Characters (Mostly in Pencil)*

**** Or at least what looks like pencil.***

Created by Lenwood S. Sharpe

APPENDIX: IGNORE IT! IGNORE IT! IGNORE IT! IGNORE IT! IGNORE IT! IGNORE IT!

In case you didn't believe all the jobs:

1.) GENERAL LABORER – Employed under cousin, Louisa County, VA (approx. 2005)

2.) GRAPHIC DESIGNER – International House, Charlotte, NC (May 2015 – May 2017) * volunteer

3.) BOOKSELLER – Barnes & Noble College, Charlotte, NC (Dec 2013 – Jan 2014)

*** A.K.A. Bookstore Clerk or Retail Clerk**

4.) AIRPORT VALET CASHIER – Park Inc., Charlotte, NC (Jun 2013 – Sep 2013)

5.) SALES ASSOCIATE – Gap Inc., Charlotte, NC (Jul 2014 – May 2015)

6.) COLLEGE GRADUATE – Central Piedmont Community College, Charlotte, NC (May 2013) and University of North Carolina at Charlotte, Charlotte, NC (May 2015)

7.) FOLKLORIST – Lumberwoods, Unnatural History Museum, lumberwoods.org (April 2006 – present)

8.) COMICS CONTENT WRITER – Screen Rant, screenrant.com (Aug 2021)* http://www.screenrant.com/author/lenwood-sharpe/

9.) HUMORIST – Authored T*he Deacon's Seat* (2024 - present), *The Wrong Dictionary* (2023), *The Hangman's Choke Book (*2025), "Nose Plugs for Needless Dragons" (2021), etc.

10.) OFFICE ASSISTANT – Central Piedmont Community College, Charlotte, NC (Oct 2011 – May 2013) * Federal Work-Study Program

11.) CEO – Thrill Land, thrillland.com (Aug 2002 – present) * + Owner, operator, and founder.

Spraying canned air upside-down allows you to freeze things.

12.) SOLDIER – 208th Finance Battalion, A-Detachment, U.S. Army, Mannheim, Baden-Württemberg, Germany, (Jun 2007 – Jun 2011)

13.) SCREENWRITER - For *Lamp the Movie (That Really Shouldn't Exist); *A Dracula Film* (Released: October 13, 2021), *Worms 20/20* (Released: December 4, 2020), *Duct Tape Coffin* (Series from June 2024 – *present*).

14.) GAME DESIGNER - Thrill Land, thrillland.com (Oct 2019 – Jan 2022) * *Haints n' Hidin' Spaces* (Released: October 19, 2019), *About Old Storytellers or a Game of Campfire Lore* (Released: January 26, 2018), *Necronamacom* (Released: October 31, 2022), etc.

15.) IN & OUT PROCESSING SPECIALIST - U.S. Army, Heidelberg, Baden-Württemberg, Germany (Nov 2007 – Sep 2008)

16.) DISBURSING TECH - U.S. Army, Heidelberg, Baden-Württemberg, Germany (Sep 2008 - May 2009) * A.K.A. Disbursing Clerk

17.) A DIFFERENT CASHIER - 208th Finance C-Detachment, U.S. Army, Udairi, Kuwait (Oct 2009 - Oct 2010) * Function jointly as a supply chief

18.) CODER - U.S. Army, 208th Finance "Tiger Team," Baumholder. Rhineland-Palatinate, Germany (May 2009 - June 2009) * TPAX (Travel Processing and Automated Examination system) Coder

19.) CUSTOMER SERVICE REPRESENTATIVE - 208th Finance Battalion, A-Detachment, U.S. Army, Mannheim, Baden-Württemberg, Germany (June 2009 - Oct 2009) and 554th Military Police Company, U.S. Army, Stuttgart, Baden-Württemberg, Germany (Oct 2010 – May 2011)

20.) PEER RESPONDER - Spillnow.com (remote), San Francisco, CA (Feb 2014 – May 2014) * Volunteer

21.) DIGITAL MEDIA PRODUCER - Thrill Land, thrillland.com (Aug 2002 – present) * Created a variety of digital works to include graphics, videos, websites, articles, etc.

22.) SUPPLY CHIEF – 208th Finance C-Detachment, U.S. Army, Udairi, Kuwait (Oct 2009 - Oct 2010) * Functioned jointly as a cashier

23.) COMMUNICATION SPECIALIST - NAVEX, Charlotte, NC (Mar 2018 – May 2024) * The one where I took complaints.

24.) WIKI CONTRIBUTOR - Contributed or completely rewrote around a dozen articles between 2007 – 2022.

25.) CARTOONIST – Created a number of cartoons for both weirdhalloween.com to include those appearing on related social media and in *The Hangman's Choke Book* (2025).

26.) WEB BUILDER – Built websites from scratch and performed cross-browser testing to include: thrillland.com. lumberwoods.org, weirdhalloween.com, scurvydevils.com, bumpassva,com, paulbunyan.org, etc.

27.) AUTHOR – Wrote *Lenwood's Lexicon of Lumberwoods Lore* (2020), *The Deacon's Seat* (2024), *The Hangman's Choke Book* (2025), etc.

28.) VOLUNTEER NOTETAKER – Volunteered taking class notes for two classes while attending the University of North Carolina at Charlotte sometime between August 2013 and May 2015.

29.) WAREHOUSE ASSOCIATE - Amazon, Concord, NC (March 2016 — March 2018) * A.K.A. Fulfillment Associate

30.) DIRECTOR, MUSEUM – Lumberwoods, Unnatural History Museum, lumberwoods.org (Apr 2016 – present) * virtual museum

31.) DIRECTOR, FILM - For *Lamp the Movie (That Really Shouldn't Exist); *A Dracula Film* (Released: October 13, 2021), *Worms 20/20* (Released: December 4, 2020), *Duct Tape Coffin* (Series from June 2024 – *present*).

32.) DIRECTOR, BUSINESS – Thrill Land, thrillland.com (Aug 2002 – present) * Directed all business activities for Thrill Land and creative properties since inception.

33.) JOB SEEKER – Actively sought employment from May 2015 to March 2016 and again May 2024 onward.

34.) BOOK COLLECTOR – Have been collecting antiquarian books since at least 2005 and amassed a collection of over 100 books.

35.) ENGLISH TUTOR – Wyzant.com, Charlotte, NC (Aug 2015 – Sep 2016)

36.) CLUB PRESIDENT – BCC, University of North Carolina at Charlotte, Charlotte, NC (Aug 2014 – May 2015)

37.) WALL PAINTER – U.S. Army, Mannheim, Germany, Painted the walls of the battalion HQ on my birthday (June 2008, I think).

38.) PAYROLL CLERK – U.S. Army, Mannheim/Heidelberg/Stuttgart, Baden-Württemberg, Germany (June 2007 – June 2011)* Part of principle duties as a financial management technician, recurring, sometimes sporadic.

39.) UNIT REPRESENTATIVE – Better Opportunities for Single Soldiers (BOSS) Program, U.S. Army, Mannheim, Baden-Württemberg, Germany (approx. Nov 2007 – Oct 2009)

40.) VIDEO EDITOR - Thrill Land, thrillland.com (Aug 2002 - present) * For YouTube and video projects. Check IMDb.

41.) ILLUSTRATOR – SEE This book.

42.) STAY-AT-HOME DAD – My Life, At Home (Mar 2024 - *present*)

43.) WORK-AT-HOME DAY – My Life, At Home (Mar 2020 – May 2024)

44.) STAY-AT-HOME DAD WHILE A WORK-AT-HOME DAD – My Life, At Home (Mar 2020 – May 2024) and again (Sep 2025 – Oct 2025)

45.) PHOTO EDITOR – Thrill Land, thrillland.com (Aug 2002 - present) * Various projects, lumberwoods.org, is a nice one. Just see the site.

46.) STUDENT – Jouett Elementary School, Louisa County Middle School, Louisa County High School, University of Maryland University College (remote), Central Piedmont Community College, and University of North Carolina at Charlotte* Attended school from 1993 to 2007, and again some course remotely 2008 to 2010, and then again from 2011 to 2015

47.) EULOGIST – PaulBunyan.org, paulbunyan.org, (2022)* Authored Paul Bunyan's Eulogy (really, SEE Site).

48.) FIRING RANGE SAFETY SPECIALIST – U.S. Army, Darmstadt, Hesse, Germany (Apr 2008) * During the 2008 Monte Kali International

Shooting Competition; awarded Army Achievement Medal for performance.

49.) JANITOR – Gap Inc., Charlotte, NC (Jan 2015 – May 2015) * Relegated to such duties after failing to sell enough credit cards.

50.) WATER SPIDER (REALLY) – Amazon, Concord, NC (Mar 2016 – Mar 2018) * Served sporadically in such capacity; refers to wrapping pallets of boxes in clear water-resistant plastic.

51.) PENCILLER – Thrill Land, thrillland.com (Aug 2002 - present) * Various projects, this book would be a good example.

52.) SCHOLAR – Lumberwoods, Unnatural History Museum, lumberwoods.org (Apr 2006 - present) * Compiled most comprehensive catalog on subject matter, short videos on relevant topics, responded to inquiries for information, and answered questions.

53.) SOCIAL MEDIA MANAGER – Thrill Land, thrillland.com (Apr 2014 - present) * SEE @thrillland, @lumberwoods, @gregorgravedigger, etc. on most platforms.

54.) MURAL DESIGNER – 208th Finance C-Detachment, U.S. Army, Udairi, Kuwait (Oct 2009 - Oct 2010) *Designed a snallygaster for a jersey barrier located on the base; the painting was later completed. Told my supervisor it was a dragon.

55.) STORYTELLER – Thrill Land, thrillland.com (Aug 2002 - present)* Various projects, but weirdhalloween.com/campfire-stories/ is a good example.

56.) FOLEY ARTIST – Fear After Fright: A Horror Right (internet radio series), Weird Halloween, weirdhalloween.com (Jun 2022 – present)* Created sound effects in-house and from scratch for the show.

57.) VEXILLOGRAPHER – BumpassVa.com, bumpassva.com (May 2020)* Designed flag for the unincorporated area of Bumpass, Virginia as seen on site.

58.) SEMI-WORLD TRAVELER – Have visited the following countries Germany (2008 – 2010), Kuwait (2009 – 2010), Nicaragua (2012,

2017, 2022, etc.), Mexico (2009), Greece (2011), Canada (2019), France (2009), Spain (2009), United States (1988 – present), etc.

59.) AMATEUR ASTRONOMER (PENDING BUYING A TELESCOPE) – Spent a good chunk of elementary school checking out *Isaac Asimov's Library of the Universe* (thirty-two volume series), lifelong love of astronomy ever since. Still, haven't bought a telescope, but hope I will one day.

60.) ANIMATOR - Thrill Land (then Apalon), thrillland.com (Aug 2002 - Aug 2003) * Created approx. 28 animated shorts of which 1 survives.

61.) NICARAGUAN SANTA CLAUS – Self-employed, Villanueva, Chinandega, Nicaragua (Dec 2024) and (Dec 2025).

66.) USHER – U.S. Army, 208th Finance A-Detachment, Mannheim, Baden-Württemberg, Germany (approx. Sep 2009) * One day, special temporary duty; got to wear a period costume, I picked revolutionary soldier, totally geeked out, mind you, this was before *Hamilton*, so, yea, I am a bit of a history nerd.

67.) LEAF-RAKER – 208th Finance A-Detachment, U.S. Army, Mannheim, Baden-Württemberg, Germany (Sep 2008) * Recall hanging up signs in the barracks for the "ALRC (Anti-Leaf Raking Committee)," sergeant did not find it nearly as funny.

68.) VETERAN – My Life, At Home (Jun 2011 – present)

69.) INVENTOR OF THE HAND COMB – My Life, At Home (approx. 1997, maybe earlier)

70.) HORROR HOST – Weird Halloween, weirdhalloween.com (June 2022 – present)* As "Gregor the Gravedigger" in *Fear After Fright: A Horror Rite* (2022 – 2025) and *Duct Tape Coffin* (2024 – present)

71.) UNEMPLOYED – My Life, At Home (May 2015 – Mar 2016) and (May 2024 – Sep 2025) (Oct 2025 – *present*) * Won't show on resume due to volunteering at International House and as a Digital Media Producer for Thrill Land.

72.) CODER – 208th Finance "Tiger Team," U.S. Army, Baumholder, Baden-Württemberg, Germany (May 2009 – June 2009)* Entered data to stop/start entitlements for the re-integration of 2nd BCT, 1st AD soldiers; awarded Army Achievement Medal.

73.) PACKAGE HANDLER – FedEx, Charlotte, NC (Sep 2025 – Dec 2025)* * *anticipated* – *** No on second thought screw that, Oct 2025.***

74.) SPLITTER – Amazon, Concord, NC (Mar 2016 – Mar 2018) * Served sporadically in such capacity; refers to moving boxes from one side of a conveyor to another depending on numerical designation.

75.) SORT-SLIDER (?) – Amazon, Concord, NC (Mar 2016 – Mar 2018) * Served sporadically in such capacity; refers to pushing boxes down different numbered slides that all go somewhere (presumably).

I dare you to tell me that this unit patch ain't the Jägermeister logo.

LENWOOD S. SHARPE

[redacted]

October 6, 2025

[redacted]

Dear [redacted] Representative:

I would like to thank you for the opportunity to have served in the capacity of a package handler and to notify you that I will be resigning from said position, effective October 6, 2025.

However, before I depart, I would like to thank the company for the opportunity afforded to me. And while I understand it may be unusual to not provide an employer two weeks' notice upon resignation, I am confident as an at-will employee that should it have been the company letting me go that that their graces would have permitted them to extend me every bit the same courtesy.

Naturally, I would have loved to make this effective for tomorrow's date, but, honestly, at the time of writing this, I'm uncertain if anyone wants to pick up my shift for tonight.

Additionally, I would like to express no little gratitude for the valuable lessons learned under your employ. Not the least of which being that "fragile" is a relative term, at times more aptly applying to my foot or arm than any packages what might chance to fall upon them (in keeping with this theme, might I suggest, "do not crush" labels to also be printed upon employee t-shirts).

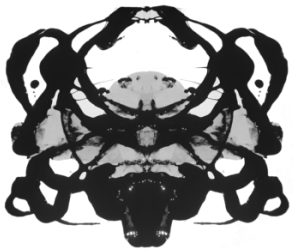
Moreover, for the professional improvement that you have afforded me during these past few days may I likewise commend you. For I scarcely could have ever imagined the phrase "handle with care" to be applied to anything weighing as much as oneself. On this matter, I do differ with the company in that I feel "care" at such a point would be less apt to describe how one handles such packages and more apt to describe the thing one will need a lot of after attempting to do so.

Lastly, I wish I could say I have enjoyed working at [redacted], but, regardless, I am grateful to the support shown to me during my time with the company (especially, by anything I could chance to grab hold of to prevent my falling inside the trailers).

Again, I thank you for this opportunity. And though my tenure with the company was brief, I still hope that in some small way I have made a positive contribution to your business, if naught else a good laugh.

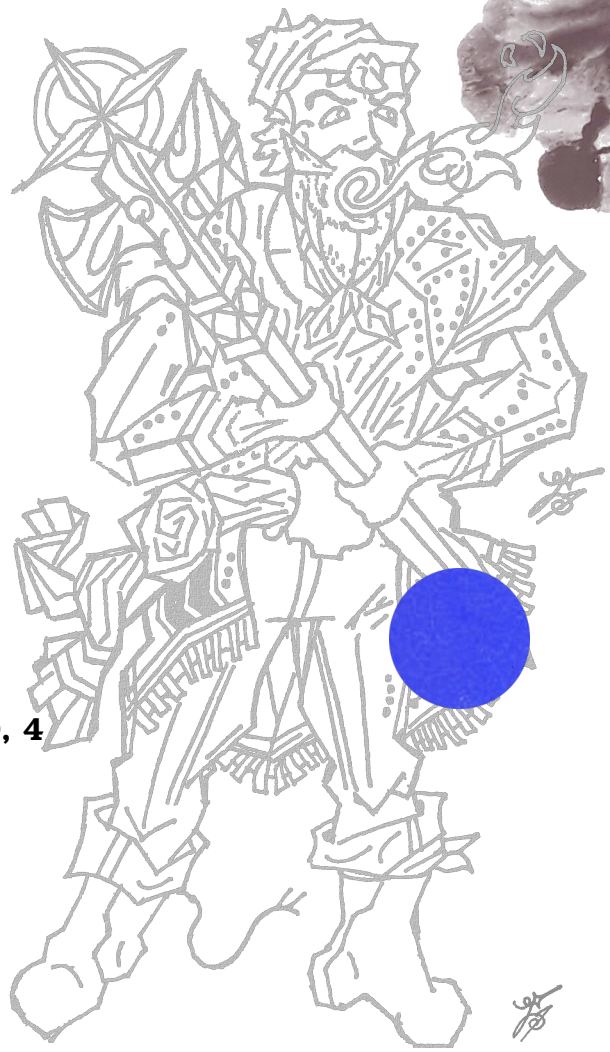
Sincerely,

Lenwood S. Sharpe



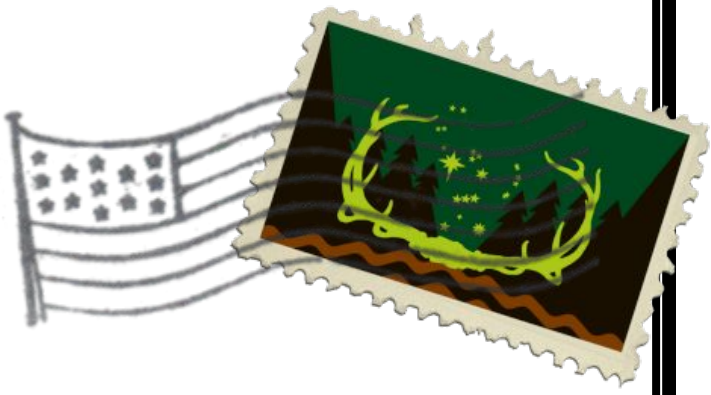
INDEX

Acknowledged, 10-4
Anomalous phenomena, 14
Astronomical unit, 1, 49, 59, 78, 70, 700
Albuquerque, New Mexico, 505, 575
Ali Baba, entrepreneur, 1001
Binary, 1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0
Byzantines, 330-1453
Breasts, 80085
Bumpass, Virginia, 540, 826
Candles, 16
Carboy, SEE Demijohn
Catch, 22
Chekhov's gum, 1, 8, 60, in his mouth, 190, 4
Congruity, none
Dalmatians, 101
Day job, 9-5
Demijohn, SEE Carboy
Electrocution, SEE author's hobbies
Elephants, pink, 1, 8, %
Emergencies, 911
Fahrvergnügen, 19, 90
Failure, 0-59
Feces, 2
Fibonacci, opera singer, 0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144, 233, 377, 610, 987, ...
Future, *speed*, 88
Gorilla, 800
Hasenpfeffer, 3, 1

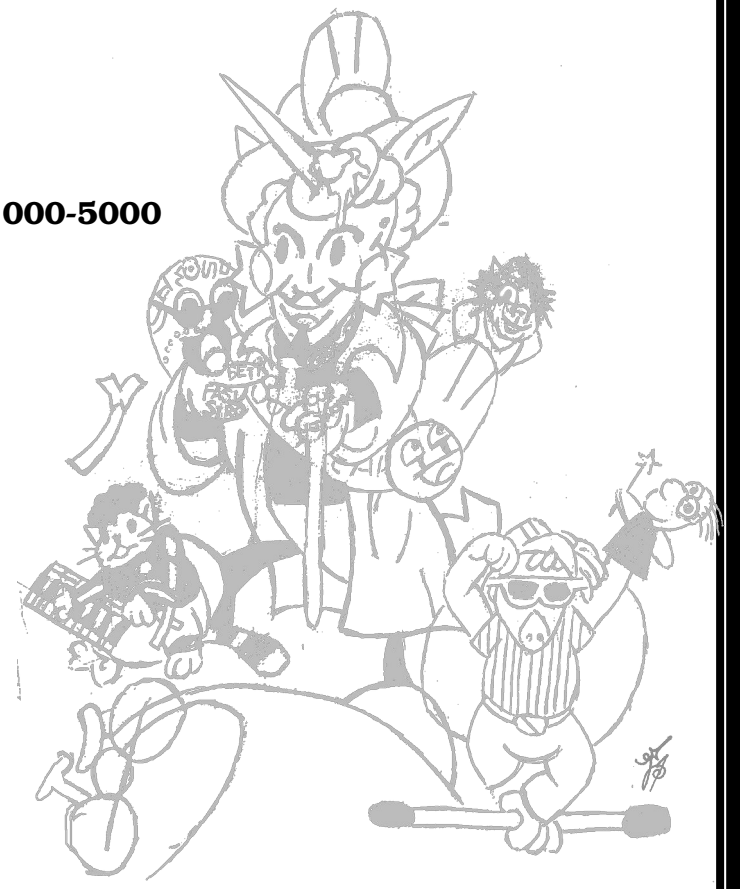


DISCARDED

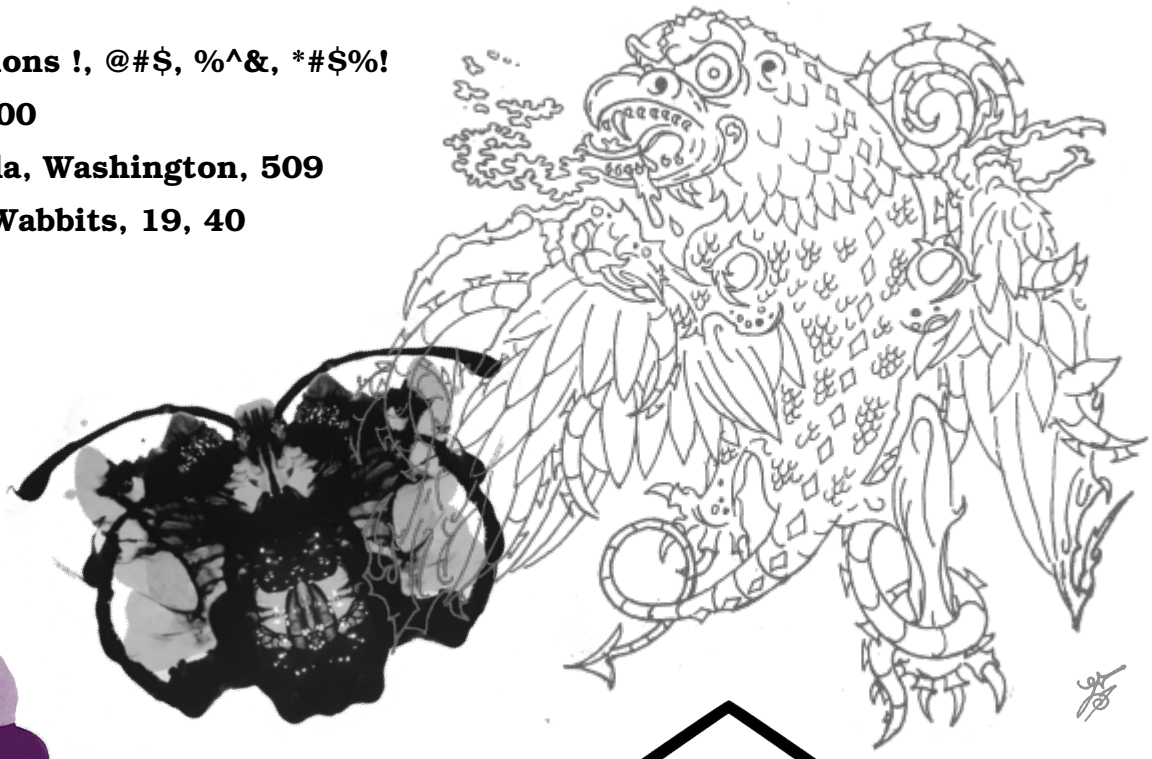
Hell, mentioned at least 25 times in a variable of contexts.
Hindsight, 50-50
Information, 4, 1, 1
Jenny, 8, 6, 7, 5, 3, 0, 9
Kalamazoo, Michigan, 269
Lady Jeanne, SEE Carboy or Demijohn
Location, 10-20
Magic Numbers, 2, 8, 20, 28, 50, 82, 126.
Mothers, 1, 2, 3...
Natural, 20
Nimrod, 45
Order, 66
Over, 9000
Possession, 9-10
Pi, 3, 1, 4, 1, 5, 9, 2, 6, 5, 3, 5, 9
Pulling Groin Hairs, 1, 2, 7, 8, 10, 15, 23, 34, 56!
Pulling Teeth, 32, 8, 4, 8, 12
Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, 814
Qualms, many
Refuse service, 86
Regrets, SEE entire book
Rhinoplasty, plastering of rhinoceri, 1000-5000
Route, 66
Sparta, 300
Superstitions, 13
Timbuktu, 10, $, 2
Tons, 16
Tutu, 2, 2
Trash bin, 13
Ultimate Answer, 42
unIted States, SEE South Canada
Universal constant, 299, 792, 458

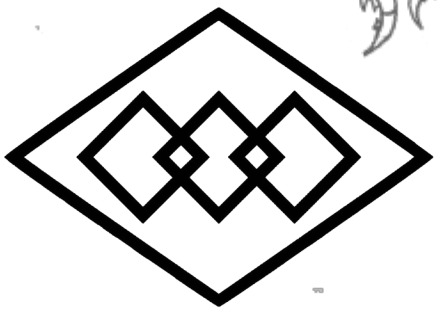


WITHDRAWN



Urine, 1
Vituperations !, @#$, %^&, *#$%!
?! ... 10-100
Walla Walla, Washington, 509
Wascally Wabbits, 19, 40
Winks, 40
X, ?





Thrill Land

FOR MORE PUNISHMENT:
dungeon.thrillland.com

Popeye! Where's Olive! Where are the kids?!

Blow me down! I knew I left something in Somalia!

Thought it were me keys!

WITHDRAWN

Dudley

BF Sharpe
1031 This is Not A
C58 Bomb Th...

216

808.8
Le

Leach, Maria

AUTHOR

American Folk Tales and Legends

TITLE

DATE LOANED	BORROWER'S NAME	DATE RETURNED
Dec. 12	Richard	12/18
Feb. 6	Mary Grace	Mar 20
Oct. 11	Linda [illegible]	Oct. 22
	Judy	9/21/64
	Tim B.	9/17/64
9/15/64	[illegible] Candy	5/23/68

6/75

79

BUFFALO AND ERIE COUNTY
PUBLIC LIBRARY

WITHDRAWN FROM BUFFALO & ERIE COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY

This book is due on the last date stamped on the card in the pocket.